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Always on hand. The latest novelties in Neckwear. Mufflers of all shades and qualities. We are also headquarters for

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A full line of Gold-Headed Silk Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen. Seal skin caps and seal skin gloves. Ladies and children's kid mitts. Gentlemen's Jersey coats and jackets. Gentlemen's kid mitts and fur gloves.

SPANGLER & WADE,

204 East Main Street, Massillon, Ohio.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCaughy, Attorney at Law, office Rooms 11 and 112, Opera Block.

C. O. McQuinn, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

W. L. Wilson and Garrett, Attorneys at Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 112, Opera Block.

R. O. Folger, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President, C. E. Cress, Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealers in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. Aldright, Cashier.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER SALLER, manufacturer and wholesaler Cigar dealer. Factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

ELL BLUMENSCHN, wholesale and retail dealer in Cigars. Factory a store room No. 59 West Main street.

DRUGGISTS.

W. H. McCall and Co., Druggists. Prescription work a specialty. Dealers in stationery, blank books and school supplies. A full line of druggists' sundries.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

DENTISTS.

E. CHIDESTER, Dentist, over Humberger & Son's store. Nitrous oxide gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

FURNITURE.

JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23 West Main street.

DRY GOODS.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in General Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main street.

PHYSICIANS.

H. B. GARRIGUS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M. 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Office in H. Benty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Baldwin, corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 211 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D. Surgeon, Office hours, 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. 12 M. to 2 P. M. 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

D. R. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 A. M., 1 to 8 and 7 to 9 P. M. Office open day and night.

JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.

F. VON KANKE, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

H. S. SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Tractor Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Corrie & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturers of Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and various Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

DATWATER & SON, Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Adams' Block, Exchange street.

ALBRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocery and Provision Dealers, Queensway, etc. No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

TINNERS.

HENRY F. OEHLE, dealer in Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 14 West Main street.

REAL ESTATE.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, dealer in all kinds of Real Estate. Office in German Deposit Bank.

MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. RALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address, box 352, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and Erie streets.

RESCUED FROM THE ROCKS

GALLANT AND THRILLING FEAT OF THE LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

After a Lightning Dash by Rail of a Hundred Miles They Rescue Twenty-Four Men From Certain Death—An Incident of the Recent Storm on Lake Superior.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—A magnificent story of daring and skill has come to the Washington office of the life-saving service. The story is in meager scraps of the driest kind, but in these routine statements there is the basis of a thrilling story. It is a tale of shipwreck and saving of life under peculiarly difficult circumstances, one of the greatest feats ever performed by any life-saving crew in the service of the government.

Several days ago two propellers were wrecked off the port of Marquette, in Lake Superior. In a savage storm they were driven on the rocks, over which the breakers pounded furiously. There were no passengers on board, but they were manned by a crew of twelve men each. They were making their last trips of the season. The vessels were wrecked early in the day. There is no life saving station at Marquette, the nearest being Portage City, 110 miles away.

The storm was one of the blenkest and coldest, equaling in lowness of the temperature some of the most bitter in midwinter. The water of this lake is extremely cold even in midsummer. The people of Marquette turned out in great excitement when they saw these vessels driven upon the rocks within three miles of the town. The propellers did not break up at once after they had become lodged, but from the fury of the waves and the storm it was evident that they could last but a short time. The citizens made frantic endeavors to go to the rescue of the two crews, who appealed to them through signals of distress. But there was no boat at Marquette which could live in the waves then beating on the shore.

After a number of efforts to communicate with the wrecked vessels, the people despaired of reaching them, and stood watching, expecting every moment that they would give way. The president of the Marquette, Ontonagon & Portage City railroad, which runs between Marquette and Portage City, came to the rescue at the last moment, dashed to the telegraph office and notified Portage city to clear the track of all trains. Then he called for the superintendent of the life-saving station at that point. He said to him:

"Place at your disposal a locomotive and a car for your lifeboat. The track is clear ahead of you. Come on as soon as you can get your men and boat ready. Twenty-four lives are hanging on the promptness of your action."

The superintendent was as energetic and plucky a man as is known to the service. The pair of horses belonging to the station were quickly harnessed to the wagon and the lifeboat placed thereon. The crew then entered the boat and it was desperately driven to the railroad station. In the briefest possible time a box-car was run down to the station and the lifeboat and crew were placed upon it. The engineer, who had received another dispatch from the president of the road by this time to hurry to the full top of his speed, pulled the throttle of the engine wide open and the special train dashed away on its errand of mercy at a frightful speed.

There is no record in the office of the time made by this fast flying train beyond the fact that it was the swiftest ever made by a life saving crew from any station to a distant point. It is also the longest distance ever traveled by such a crew for such a purpose.

The story ends abruptly in a brief chapter which tells that the crew arrived at Marquette before the wrecked vessels had given way and that the captain and his crew saved every one of the twenty-four men who had given up absolutely all hope, and would have been drowned within the next hour if it had not been for the action of the railroad president and the skill and courage of the crew.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

The Dead Body of an Actress Found in the Woods Near Sandusky, Ohio.

SANDUSKY, O., Nov. 30.—A woman and her farm hand while looking for a cow in the woods, four miles from here, yesterday morning, found the body of a richly dressed woman lying between two logs. The coroner found a bottle which contained a few drops of chloroform, on which was the label of a druggist at Coldwater, Mich. The remains were recognized as those of Mrs. Ernestine Douglass, an actress, who had been a favorite in several cities. In playing a part where she had to leap from a burning building, she injured her spine. Her husband is a scene painter. She disappeared from here two weeks ago and no trace of her was found until her dead body was found.

A farmer on Friday saw a strange man and woman in the woods where the body was found. A sponge law some distance from the corpse. The woman's husband has been absent from here several days. He notified the police of his wife's disappearance, and at the time said he suspected foul play, but refused to explain. A secret investigation is in progress. The couple came here from Chicago about a month ago, and it is said Mrs. Douglass enjoyed some celebrity in one or two of the theaters in New York two years ago. She was a woman of great beauty and expensive jewels were found on the body. Mr. Douglass said to the police at the time of her disappearance, that she left a note saying that she was going away, and that he would never see her again; that she was the victim of an unaccountable fatality and must obey the inevitable.

ANNOYING MRS. GARFIELD.

A Crank Trying to Force His Attention on the Garfield Family.

PAINEVILLE, O., Dec. 1.—About two years ago a man was arrested in Cleveland for annoying Mrs. Garfield. He was sullen and refused to talk and was sent to an insane asylum. To-day another crank, Sabrand A. Bodde was arraigned in the probate court here, on the charge of annoying Mrs. Garfield and her daughter Mollie. Anonymous letters were sent to Mrs. and Miss Garfield, and last August Bodde entered the house without knocking and revealed the authorship of the letters, by asking why they had not been answered. He was ejected by Mrs. Garfield's son and went away swearing. He continued writing and last Saturday again entered the house and asked to see Mrs. Garfield. He was turned away but soon returned with a letter to Mrs. Garfield, who then sent him word that she wished to correspond with him. The alarm was then given and he was arrested.

The man is a Holland Dutchman, thirty-eight years old, of pleasant address, good education and has worked as a farm hand. He claims to act from heavenly inspirations and save in that particular his conduct toward the Garfields was evidently sane. His letters to Miss Mollie Garfield were affectionate in tone, and asked the privilege of visiting her dead father's library. He was sent to the insane department of the infirmary.

BRADSTREET'S REPORT.

The Movement of Merchandise in Various Parts of the Country.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Special telegrams to Bradstreet's record rather less actively in the movement of general merchandise, although at Chicago there has been an increasing volume of sales, particularly of dry goods, and in a less noteworthy degree at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Burlington. The aggregate of sales in staple lines has been curtailed, of course, by an intervening holiday. The restricted trading has been more conspicuous at eastern centers owing to the decline in the number of mail orders received and the notable absence of interior merchants. At Chicago there is less demand for funds for manufacturing and commercial enterprises, but a large demand for grain and other speculative adventures. At Cincinnati funds are flowing back from the country and at Milwaukee they continue to go westward, but in diminished volume. At eastern centers the movement of dry goods has been disappointing. Prices in most lines are sustained, and the outlook for heavy weight wools continues bright. Prints, however, have declined one and one-half cents from three and a half cents for sixty-fours after a month of extreme firmness. Stocks have increased of late.

The special tobacco crop report to Bradstreet's indicates that the western leaf crop will aggregate about 235,000 hogheads, against 250,000 hogheads in 1885; that there has been a decline in the yield of about 30 per cent. in the Bright Virginia and North Carolina leaf, and of about 16,000,000 pounds, or nearly 15 per cent. in the seed leaf crop, mainly through the falling off in Wisconsin against the output of last year. The speculative breadstuffs trade are realizing more fully the long claimed strength of the statistical position of wheat, but thus far, in spite of that fact and continued heavy exports, the price of the cereal does not advance much.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A Startling Revelation of How Eight People Were Brutally Murdered.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ky., Nov. 27.—It is developed that the family of eight persons, supposed to have been burned to death in Knox county a month since, were murdered, their throats being cut from ear to ear. The particulars are as follows: The family, whose name was Poe, seem to have had two neighbors whose reputation was bad, they having an illegitimate son, aged ten years. Being refused admittance to Poe's house, they became enraged and planned the horrible murder.

The boy suffering under a severe chastisement from his reputed father, now tells the whole story. He says the mother was talking about the matter for several days and it culminated during the night when Mr. Poe was absent and when his father and mother left home for Poe's house, they forbade his going with them, but he skipped along without their knowledge and saw them enter the house. The family were all asleep in one room, and the father with a razor cut the throat of each from ear to ear, while his mother picked the bodies up, placed them in the middle of the floor, packed bedding on them and then set fire to them and the house, and that the baby screamed until the flames smothered it.

The boy told his story in such a straightforward manner as to lead to an investigation, and arrests were at once made. A sewing machine and other articles belonging to the Poes were found in the cellar of the accused parties. They were at once placed in jail at Harboursville. There is no doubt of their guilt, and excitement has reached an intensity bordering on frenzy. The couple will undoubtedly be lynched.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Fresh, Crispy Cleanings of Recent Noteworthy Happenings and Events.

A proposition to advance saloon licenses in Chicago from \$500 to \$1,000 each, failed in the city council by two votes.

William Kurz jumped from Brooklyn bridge, intending to commit suicide. He was taken out of the water alive.

Maj. John McKay, a justice of the peace, and a cook in the house of S. Walkowski were killed and the latter's house burned, near Caledonia, Ala.

Joseph Brey, proprietor of the Globe saloon and boarding house, Cincinnati, was fined \$100 and sent to the work-house for ten days for selling liquor to a minor.

A crank named Bodde, who has been annoying Mrs. Garfield, at Mentor, by writing letters and forcing himself into the house, has been arrested and sent to the county poor house.

A new cable from San Francisco to New Zealand is proposed.

Milwaukee Anarchists have been released on suspended sentence.

Chattanooga's cable car route up Lookout Mountain is completed.

An unknown thief seized a \$5,000 tray of diamond rings in B. H. Johnson's jewelry store in New York, and escaped.

The United States circuit court at Memphis has decided that a telegraph company is liable for non-delivery of messages.

W. Schartenberg, a well-to-do grocer of Chicago, lost heavily at gambling, wrote a pathetic letter to his wife and fired a ball through his heart.

Elise Bethune, widow of General Bethune, late manager of Blind Tom, the musical wonder, has been appointed guardian of Tom's person and estate.

James Elliot was found hanging in his barn near Columbus, Ind.

W. H. L. Maxwell, the murderer of Preller at St. Louis, has been reprieved until February 1.

An Indianapolis Alfred Harris shot and killed his wife, and then sent a bullet into his own brain. He was jealous.

An unknown passenger hurriedly jumped off a west-bound train near Wabash, Ind., Tuesday night, taking a wrong grip-sack and leaving one containing \$1,200.

At Monte, Tex., a gang of fifty Chinese railway laborers were attacked by a number of masked men, who subjected them to the most horrible torture and robbed them.

No shipments of whisky for export were made from the Fifth Illinois internal revenue district during the last month. This is a most unusual occurrence, and no explanation is made.

Westchester county, New York, is contemplating a "trump annex" to the poor-house, so constructed that it can be flooded, and the occupant, to save himself from drowning, must pump vigorously.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON

THE DAMAGE DONE IN THE SOUTH BY THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

An Estimate That Seven Million Dollars Will Not Repair It—The Government Directors Favor the Hoar Railroad Bill.

Presidential Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Charles T. Mitchell, a former member of the South Carolina legislature and receiver of the Charleston & Savannah railroad, and now a chief of division in the Sixth auditor's office, who has just returned from a trip to Charleston, told a reporter that the real estate men there estimate that it will take \$7,000,000 to repair the damage done by the earthquake.

He added that if the houses had not been built of English brick as solid as a rock not a wall would now be standing. The \$700,000 contributed have already been largely distributed. "It all goes," said Mr. Mitchell, "to the poor and helpless. Men worth hundreds of thousands of dollars have applied for a share of the benefit, but have not yet received any, and Maj. Courtenay told me he had a good mind to publish their names and shame them."

The Hoar Railroad Bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The annual report of the government directors of the Union Pacific railway favors the Hoar bill for the refunding of the road's indebtedness to the government by semi-annual payments, but advise fixing the period for the final payment at eighty years, instead of sixty years, as in the bill. It recommends that in any new legislation the required payments shall be in fixed sums regardless of the earnings. This will prevent the doctoring of accounts.

Presidential Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The president today made the following appointments: Edward Cushing, to be collector of customs for the district of Belfast, Me.; Joseph E. Moore, to be collector of customs for the district of Waltham, Me.; Philip W. Downes, to be general appraiser of merchandise for the port of Baltimore, Md.; William M. Neale, of Franklin, Ind., to be agent for the Indians of Linhi agency in Idaho.

Small Public Debt Reduction.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The treasury payments have been so heavy during the past month, that the reduction of the public debt will be very small.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

Cluverius to Make a Statement About the Celebrated Murder Case.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 29.—What may be a revelation in one of the most mysterious and interesting murder cases that ever occurred in this state, it is believed, will be made here soon. For the past eighteen months Thomas J. Cluverius, a young lawyer, has been confined in the city jail awaiting upon the scaffold for the murder of his pretty cousin, Miss Mamie Lillian Madison. The girl met her death at the old reservoir, in the western part of the city, on the night of March 13, 1885. The prisoner was arrested, and after a long and tedious trial was convicted on strong circumstantial evidence. Finding all attempts to obtain a new trial in vain, the prisoner and his friends have recently endeavored to arouse the sympathy of the public in his favor and secure a pardon or commutation of sentence. Several thousands names have been obtained to petitions. Most of those who signed them were induced to do so because of what was considered the insufficient evidence upon which the young man was convicted. One of the most damaging circumstances against Cluverius was his refusal to give an account of his movements on the night Miss Madison met her death. During the trial and at frequent intervals since, Cluverius has invariably declined to give the explanation.

At the request of the doomed man, Mr. A. F. Howells, of Alexandria, who served on the jury that convicted him, visited Cluverius in his cell at the city jail. During the interview the prisoner asked his visitor if it would make any difference if he made a statement accounting for his movements from the time of his arrival in Richmond on the day before the murder of Miss Madison until he was arrested several days later. Mr. Howells said that he believed that every member of the jury hoped that he could prove his innocence. Howells promised to call again to hear the prisoner's statement but failed to do so. It is stated by a brother of Cluverius that such a paper will be presented. It is believed that it is already in the hands of Cluverius' counsel, and will be submitted for a pardon or commutation of the prisoner's sentence from death to life in the penitentiary.

HOMICIDE AND ARSON.

A Pennsylvania Town Excited Over the Arrest of a Well-Known Doctor.

READING, Pa., Nov. 30.—Reading was thrown into a fever of excitement yesterday by the arrest of Frank Kerner, a well-known doctor, on the charge of homicide and arson. Late Saturday afternoon a fire started in the upper room of his house, and before it was extinguished his wife was burned to death. At the coroner's inquest it was shown that Mrs. Kerner was in excellent health, and that a neighbor who called at the house a few moments before the fire saw Mrs. Kerner lying on two chairs, apparently unconscious, with her husband bending over her, and he refused admittance to the visitor. A few minutes later Kerner was seen rushing down the street, saying he was going for a doctor for his wife.

The jury decided that Mrs. Kerner had died from suffocation, and that her husband had set fire to the building to cause her death, and ordered Kerner's arrest. Kerner had the property insured for its full value, and burned it down to realize the insurance.

Seventy-Two Hours in a Blizzard.

BISMARCK, Dak., Nov. 29.—A party of army officers has arrived from Fort Yates, and gave a description of the most thrilling and trying ride in the history of this section. They were seventy-two hours in the blizzard, coming from Fort Lincoln, a distance of sixty miles, or over an hour to a mile. The vehicle was an ambulance and was drawn by four mules. During Monday night when the blizzard was at its height, they were compelled to shovel and plunge their way through snowdrifts from six to ten feet deep, and the continual use of whip and goading sticks was necessary to keep the exhausted animals working. The officers say that at times the blizzard actually hid the mules from view, and but for animal instinct they would have been lost and frozen to death. Once they passed an Indian camp, but the savages refused them shelter, as their experience taught them this would be fatal to them. The ambulance top was blown away, leaving them unprotected from the wind. It was a tight for life and a terrible experience.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

A Family Quarrel in Alabama Ends in the Death of the Three Participants.

IRONDALE, Ala., Dec. 1.—A triple tragedy occurred near here yesterday afternoon. W. A. Baldwin was a supervisor on the Georgia Pacific railroad, and some time since married a Miss Moore. The young woman's brothers were violently opposed to the match, and were never reconciled to it. Yesterday Bernard Moore, youngest brother to Mrs. Baldwin, went to see her and used every effort to induce her to leave Baldwin. She refused to even consider such a step, at which her brother became enraged and began abusing her.

Baldwin at this juncture ordered Moore to cease his abuse or leave the house, whereupon Moore drew a revolver and fired at Baldwin twice. Both shots inflicted dangerous wounds, but Baldwin braced himself and drawing a pistol began firing at Moore. While the men were shooting at each other Mrs. Baldwin rushed between them, receiving three bullets in her breast, dying soon after. It is not known whether her husband or brother killed her. Moore was finally shot dead by Baldwin, and Baldwin is now dying.

REED'S RASCALTIES.

His Method of Issuing Canceled Stocks a Second Time.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—Among the complications which are constantly being brought to light by the experts in the accounts of the South Boston Horse Railroad company it has been discovered that some of the certificates of stock have been reissued under the same numbers to second parties. When, on a transfer of stock, a certificate was returned to the company for cancellation, Reed would paste it on the slab from which it had been originally cut, and would subsequently reissue it, the holder having no reason to suppose that a duplicate of that number was already out. A block of 100 shares thus twice issued has been found. The experts will have to trace every certificate issued since the beginning of Reed's administration. This will be a work of weeks, and until it is finished the stockholders cannot ascertain the actual condition of the company.

A Substitute for Sugar.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The Evening Post says that a company has been formed in London and Antwerp for the manufacture of saccharine, a newly discovered substitute for sugar. It is a chemical product of coal tar, is far sweeter than sugar, and yet it cannot be manufactured so cheaply as sugar, yet its great sweetness makes it possible, by mixing small quantities of saccharine with larger quantities of cheap glucose, to produce a compound sweeter and cheaper than sugar. The new product is expected to disastrously affect the sugar industry. Saccharine was discovered accidentally seven years ago by Dr. C. Fohberg, a chemist of New York, but it is only lately that practical methods of manufacturing it were devised.

Killed His Companion While Insane.

HAVENSVILLE, Kan., Nov. 27.—Late Wednesday night a young farmer named Rhodes Clements, while going home from prayer meeting with another farmer named Samuel Gordon, suddenly became insane and killed Gordon with a club. Not returning, a search was made for Clements, and he was found some distance from the road sitting beside the body of the man he had murdered and eating his heart. He had cut off Gordon's head and torn out the heart, lungs and liver, and was devouring them. Clements was secured, and is now in jail a raving maniac.

The Death Roll.

Dunn Conway, a son of Montrose Conway, died at his parents' home in Brooklyn, Monday night, of typhoid fever.

The Rev. Dr. Grimes, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Newburgh, O., and moderator of the last synod of Ohio, died at his home, aged sixty-five years.

Nicholas Goshorn, father of Gen. A. T. Goshorn, died at his home in Cincinnati, aged eighty-six years.

Erasmus Brooks, of New York, died at 8 o'clock Thursday morning, at his home on Staten Island.

Industrious Thomas Wilson, of Cairo, Ill., is dead.

Charles Fitch, known as "Texas Charlie," died from the effects of a surgical operation in a Chicago hospital.

Dr. John L. Wenden, a well known physician of Greensburg, Ind., died suddenly in his office, of heart disease.

The Fire Record.

The large flouring mills of George Shook, at Versailles, five miles from Osgood, Ind., burned. The mill was run on the bulb system, about fifty barrels capacity. No insurance. Incendiarist.

An explosion of natural gas at the Pillsbury plate glass works, at Crichton, Pa., set fire to the works, causing a loss of \$25,000.

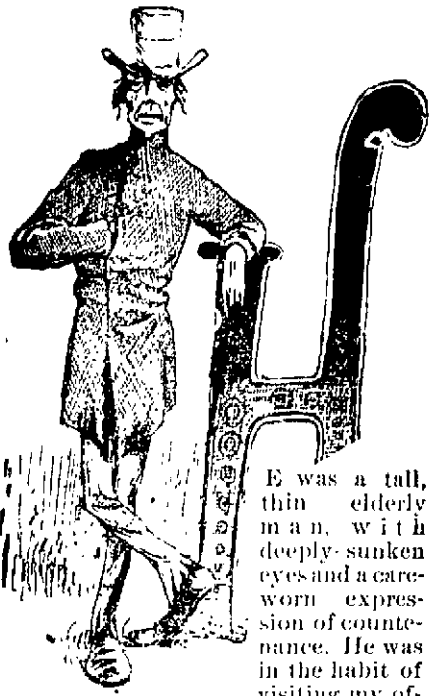
Prairie fires along the Texas Pan-Handle have burned over about 4,000,000 acres.

Eight buildings at Aiken, S. C., were destroyed by fire.

Nearly one thousand bales of cotton were consumed by fire at Raleigh, N. C.

At Bay St. Louis, Miss., fire destroyed several residences and the Stockton hotel.

THE BOOK AGENT.



face in quest o alas, and I always gave him something for I felt instinctively that he was a worthy object, and that the small portion of my great wealth which I bestowed upon him would not be squandered in riotous living.

I was sure that his life-history would be an interesting and absorbing tale, but I refrained, from motives of delicacy, from questioning him, until one day last week, when he entered the office with a face elongated to such an unusual extent, that I could not help remarking that he had evidently seen much trouble. He smiled sadly and replied:

"Right you are, gentle sir. Wouldst hear my story?"

"I would."

He sank into a chair, helped himself to a cigar, and began:

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now. I am a Hungerford. You have heard of the Hungerfords of Hungerford?"

"Never."

He seemed hurt, and I was sorry I had not lied and said I had always worshipped the very name of Hungerford. He sighed deeply and resumed his narrative.

"Anyhow, I am one of them. Many, many years ago, when my father was a lad of ten, a book-agent visited my grandfather, and by means of his holi-halls—if you will permit the somewhat forcible expression—induced him to subscribe for a 'History of the World from the Earliest Times down to the Present Day.' This work was published in parts, and my grandfather thought it would be a big thing to have. Alas! it proved such, indeed. For the remainder of his life he took the parts and paid for them as they came. On his deathbed he said to my father:

"William, the fortune I leave you is not as large as it would have been had I not sunk so much money in that History. Still I believe the work to be a valuable one and, as it is nearing completion, do not neglect to secure all the numbers. Do not fail to take every part, and to pay promptly for it. I have given my word a Hungerford's word, and the honor of our family is involved."

"With these words he breathed his last. My father did not forget his parent's dying injunction. The numbers came thick and fast, and he was sometimes at his wife's end to raise the money to pay for them. For his modest fortune was soon swallowed by the insatiable agent. He began life handicapped by the History, and he was never able to get a good financial footing. At last he gave up the struggle and died."

"I should like to have seen the last number of the work," he said to me. I was then a lad of twenty, but that pleasure is reserved for you, Robert. Have courage, and the end will come some time."

"Well, I have courage, sir. For a time I got along pretty well, but since I married it has been uphill work. I was never able to save anything from the salary I received when I had a position as book-keeper, because the book agent (a grandson of the man who introduced the work to my grandfather's attention) always claimed any little surplus money that I happened to have on hand. At last I lost my place, and since then I have been forced to support myself by begging. I continued to take the History because I saw that it was nearing completion, and as my grandfather had said on his death-bed the honor of the Hungerfords was at stake. A few days ago the agent brought me a number which, as I tremblingly turned over its leaves, I saw contained accounts of the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue and of Henry Ward Beecher's return from Europe."

"Why," I cried, excitedly, "surely the History must be nearly finished."

"It is," said the agent, "the number you hold in your hand is the last."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed, devoutly. "A new life begins for me from this hour."

"I paid the agent and bade him adieu."

SISTER DORA.

A Sweet-Faced Woman Whose Name Is Revered in England.

Catholics have their saints, proclaimed by the voice of the church and canonized by councils and popes. Sister Dora, by the voice of the sick, the afflicted, the children she taught, is praised and remembered as saints would wish to be. Yet hers, if one analyses her nature, as it is presented to us in the pages of her biography, or by the words of those who knew her in life, was not the saint-like spirit as we understand it. She was not mild, serene, ecstatic; she was ardent, determined, full of fire and activity, easily moved to exquisite tenderness, yet somewhere in the depths of her nature dwelt a strange solitariness. One who remembers her as a girl, when she was still a member of the large family circle of the Pattison household, remembers how this slip of a maiden in her teens impressed her by the distinctness of her personality amid her surroundings. By the strength of her will, the clearness and persistency of her purpose, the equilibrium of her temper, the vivacity of her disposition, she already radiated an influence around her. Nothing can be more pathetic than the touch of spiritual loneliness dwelling at the inner core of her heart of one whose life was a course of such heroic fortitude and miraculous devotion. It would seem as if by the very strength of her nature Sister Dora had realized that we are as much alone in life as we are in death. She was truly religious, although hers was not the spirit that could possess or be swallowed up in the beatitude of the mystic. She reached her faith through doubt, but, having reached it, it was by an intimate and personal communion with the source of all nobility in life and illumination of vision that she was upheld. Still, those who knew her, especially the friend who knew her best, and who has given the world the record of her life, have given us glimpses of a certain formlessness of soul that would occasionally gain upon her.



The outline of Sister Dora's life is familiar to us all; her high spirited girlhood; the trace in it just indicated of an attachment; her eager longing to become a nurse, and to follow Florence Nightingale to the Crimea; the opposition this desire met with from her father; her leaving home at the age of 29 to become a village school mistress at Little Woodstone, near Bletchley, where she lived in a small cottage for three years without a servant, and where the devotion of Miss Dorothy to the children is still remembered and spoken of. In 1861 she joined the sisterhood at Contham, and in the following year she was sent to Walsall, to help in the nursing of a cottage hospital. It was in this country of black smoke and roaring furnaces that she was henceforth to abide. Life to her seemed an insupportable experience, except when endured in the Christ-like spirit that treats it as a dress to be trodden under foot for the fulfillment of some worthy object, now become full of interest and purpose to her. Attacked with small pox at the very outset of her career at Walsall, persecuted on her recovery by the people she had come to bless, she continued indefatigable in her visits to courts and alleys, performing miracles of devotion to the sick and to those dying from the small pox that raged in the town in 1868; she won first the love of the people, who now claim her as "our Sister Dora," and who have erected a statue to her memory, the first erected to a woman not of royal lineage in England. *London Queen.*

The Law on Kissing.

In a Brooklyn court the other day a young man was convicted of stealing a kiss from a pretty girl.

The culprit made no defense beyond the miserable plea that "he couldn't help it," and there was nothing for the stern judge to do but to pronounce sentence.

His honor was fully equal to the occasion. In the course of his remarks he said:

"There is no objection, so far as I can see, to a man kissing a girl if she is willing. But you must not do it against her will. She has a right to object, and if she does you must not do it. Be sure she is willing before you try."

The lame part of the law is its failure to prescribe the test of willingness in such cases. Of course the girl always says "No," but it is a well-known fact that under some circumstances her "No," means "Yes." How is a fellow to find out?

Of course the decision of the Brooklyn judge must stand, but we are strongly of the opinion that in this class of offenses the administration of justice should be tempered with mercy. No iron-clad prohibition law will fit the case. A very mild local option measure of a flexible and self-adjusting character is the best that can be hoped for.—*Montana Constitution.*

The "Chestnut" Button.

The successor of the chestnut-bell has appeared. It is the electric chestnut button. The button is modeled after the electric annunciator button, and is intended to be worn openly on the lapel or, and some one kindly tells you that your favorite story is a chestnut, you snavely ask him to ring it up for you. As soon as he presses the chestnut button a needle point runs into his finger and announces that the laugh is on him.

Smart Old Lady.

Mrs. Sophia Crown, of Winsted, Ct., though 97 years old, reads the daily newspaper with avidity, knits, sews, threads her own needle, makes her own caps, assists in the housework, and grumbles because she is not permitted to do more.

THE FRAGRANT WEED.

IMPORTED AND NATIVE TOBACCO.

Some Account of the Manner in Which the Material for Imported Cigars Is Raised—Native Products.

A Chicagoan who recently visited Cuba, in an interview with one of our reporters, said:

You can buy just as vile trash in Cuba as that sold by the lowest Chinaman who peddles cigars at a cent apiece in the slums of New York. When I first went to Havana I used to buy my cigars promiscuously in any of the different "fabrics" and hardly ever found a good one. Afterward I made it my business to find out the names of the best makers and brands by getting sample boxes from the factories, and then, having fixed upon the kind that suited me best, purchased those and those only. When you remember that there are more than one hundred and fifty cigar manufactories in Havana alone it is not surprising that a great many bad cigars are found there.

The oldest factory in Cuba was founded in 1803 by Don Francisco Cabanos, to whose descendants it now belongs. When it was first started they used to sell only about four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand cigars a year. In 1826 the sales had increased to 2,000,000, and by 1875 they were sending out about sixteen million cigars yearly to all parts of the world. The firm owns three vegas, or tobacco farms, and the amount raised upon these reaches about six thousand bales, 1,000 of these being exported, as the factory does not use common grades.

Is Havana tobacco really the best for cigars? Yes, I believe it is generally acknowledged by experts to be the finest flavored, though some consider that grown on the Mexican coast its equal in flavor, and Connecticut tobacco is certainly its superior as a wrapper. A Cuban vega is quite a pretty sight. The plant grows to a height of from six to nine feet and has oblong, spear-shaped leaves, the tobacco being stronger when only a few leaves are permitted to grow.



Havana Tobacco.

When young the leaves are a dark-green color and have rather a smooth appearance, but they afterward change to a yellowish-green. The plant grows quickly, and by careful pruning they obtain a fine colored leaf, varying from a straw color to a dark brown or black. It takes about eight or ten weeks to ripen, and the leaves grow thicker all the time. The plant throws out quite a pleasant odor while growing, like most tropical plants. The blossom is a bright pink.

There is a very strict cigar etiquette in Havana and to infringe any of its rules is considered as an insult. For instance, when you are asked for a light, to hand your cigar without first knocking off the ashes is considered a terrible breach of etiquette, though even that is not so bad as passing a cigar handed you to obtain a light from a third person for a similar purpose. The rule is to hand back the cigar with as graceful a wave as you can command, and then, if necessary, pass your own cigar to the third person. In Cuba every one smokes—men, women and children. Cigars are so plentiful that the usual custom, when you ask for a light, even from a stranger (which, by the way, no one hesitates to do), is to pull out your case and offer him a cigar, by way of acknowledging his civility in stopping to accommodate you. To refuse a cigar from a Cuban is to offer him a direct insult.

Yes, it is quite true that Cuban ladies occasionally indulge in the weed, though not nearly to so great an extent as is usually reported. Another mistaken notion is that Cubans smoke their cigars green. On the contrary, the leaf is always entirely dried before being touched by the manufacturer. People down there are very particular, indeed, to preserve the aroma and fragrance of their cigars by keeping them in wrappers of oiled and soft silks, and some gentlemen have these produced at their tables with as much ceremony as an Englishman uses when he brings out his old wine.

The great rival of Havana tobacco is grown in Connecticut, and is known as "Connecticut Seed-Leaf." Though its flavor is inferior to that of the Cuban tobacco its texture is a great deal finer, and is considered much more desirable for cigar wrappers. The plant is very strong and vigorous, and more showy than any other variety of tobacco. The



Connecticut Tobacco.

stalk is straight and large and the leaf broad and graceful—in color either light or dark cinnamon. It has been grown in Connecticut for more than half a century, and attains its greatest perfection in the rich meadows of the Connecticut valley. Tobacco was introduced into Ohio about the same time it was first grown in Connecticut, and the Buckeye State now produces large quantities, used chiefly for chewing and smoking. Wisconsin has quite lately come to the fore as a tobacco-growing State, and large crops have been raised there during the last few years.

Virginia tobacco has had a reputation for more than two hundred and fifty years. It was one of the first products cultivated by the English settlers, and

had made a name for itself in less than a quarter of a century after the first settlement of the colony. The plant grows to the height of from five to seven feet, the leaves being long and broad. The finest



Virginia Leaf.

Virginia tobacco comes from the mountainous counties, but the amount is small compared to the large quantities raised on the lowlands of the Dan and James rivers. James river tobacco is known all over the world, and the same ground is cultivated and planted with tobacco now as in 1620.

It is now nearly four hundred years since the sailors of Columbus first noticed the use of tobacco by the natives, when exploring the island of Cuba, and since that time nearly every year has seen the plant introduced into some new portion of the world, till to-day it is found growing through such a wide range of temperature as that included between the equator and Moscow in Russia (latitude 56 degrees). In England much attention has been paid to its culture of late years, Queen

Victoria interesting herself greatly in the matter. Every item of information on the subject has been forwarded to her by special command. This interest is said to be the outcome of old memories, it having been with the late prince consort an article of faith that the raising of tobacco in England would be of national benefit.

An astonishing amount of literature has been produced on the subject of tobacco. The verse which has been written in praise as well as dispraise of the "Indian novelty" would of itself fill a volume. Byron, Southey, Henry Fielding, Thomas Hood, and many others equally famous have all written in eulogy of what Byron calls "sublime tobacco." Charles Lamb's verses in which he alternately blames and praises his beloved weed are well known. He ends, however, by declaring:

"By thy sake, Tobacco, I Would do anything but die."

Some extremely moral verses on tobacco were written in England in the seventeenth century and are well known there to-day, having been handed down from generation to generation. They run as follows:

Tobacco's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at noon, cut down at eve.
It shows our decay, we are but clay;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so filthy white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch—man's life is such;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin,
That into dust and ash it doth require;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

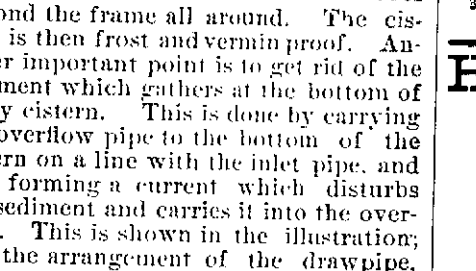
The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to put us all in mind
That into dust we must return we must;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend
Shows us man's life must have an end;
The vapor's gone—man's life is done;
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

How to Keep a Cistern Clean and Frost Proof.

A poorly made cistern is a danger to health, because of the impurities which can obtain access to the water, and unfit it for use. Every part around the surface of a cistern should be made close. The beams which support the floor should be bedded in the wall, or shoulder of the cistern, and covered with lime or cement mortar, leaving a smooth surface all around for the first floor. This should then be covered with a second floor, raised eight or ten inches on a frame of two by ten joists, made of cedar or chestnut. The earth should be packed closely against this frame and the top floor should extend a few inches beyond the frame all around. The cistern is then frost and vermin proof. Another important point is to get rid of the sediment which gathers at the bottom of every cistern. This is done by carrying the overflow pipe to the bottom of the cistern on a line with the inlet pipe, and thus forming a current which disturbs the sediment and carries it into the overflow. This is shown in the illustration; also the arrangement of the drawpipe,



Frost-Proof Cistern.

which should have a fine, wire strainer on the end, and should rest upon a support near the bottom of a fine strainer, at least two feet high. We have found a piece of one-quarter inch mesh of galvanized wire-gauze, bent into a pipe a foot in diameter, and covered with thick flannel cloth, doubled, to make an excellent filter for the water. A cistern thus arranged six years ago for use in a dairy barn, has never required cleaning, and the water has always been good.—*American Agriculturist.*

Uncle Rastus—"Kin yo' trus' me to er codfish dis mawmin', Mistah Sugarsand?" Grocer—"Trust you to a codfish, Uncle Rastus?" No, sir. You owe me now for a codfish you bought nine years ago. Why don't you ask me to give you a codfish?" Uncle Rastus (with dignity)—"Kase I-se too proud ter beg, sah."

N. Y. Sun.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "ever-sores," Sores, or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are cured by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great EATING Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Scrofulous Sores, Scrofulous Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleansed by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this Golden Medical Discovery, before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name, as it was limited to a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits, gloomy broodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. A remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Cough, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

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Pierce's LITTLE Pleasant LIVER PURGATIVE PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy for a cure of catarrh which they cannot cure.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, itching loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull memory, or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases have been cured by Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, and Catarrhal Rheumatism. 50 cents.

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Required by Diseased Feet.

Horses with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush, Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

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Also Over-Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Banging, and everything requiring

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will be shod in the best manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all instances. Shop East side of Factory street, between Main and Charles streets, near the city buildings.

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TUN KEE'S CHINESE STEAM LAUNDRY,

No 2 East Tremont street. Will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his fine and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

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Largest and Handsomest, Most Complete and best kept stock of general

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SPICES CANNOT BE BEATEN.

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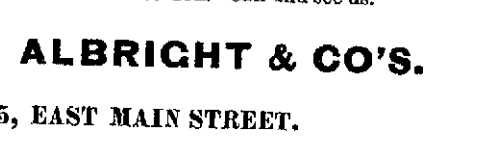
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Massillon, O.

MARBLE AND MANTLE

WORKS.



HAVING NOW COMPLETED my building on the corner of Tremont and Mill streets, and made it in every way convenient for the marble and mantle business, and having it w

CHOICE MONUMENTS

and Gravestones,

of the latest designs and finish of both Marble and Granite. And having enlarged my

MANTEL ROOM

and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterns of

Slate MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either monuments or mantels at less rates than can be furnished from abroad, of the same style and finish. All I ask is an examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad.

Works at old stand corner Tremont and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel,

WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO

MILLER'S OIL REFINING WORKS, Allegheny City, OFFICE—328 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Pa

A. D. MILLER & SONS, Manufacturers of Test Oils, for export and home consumption. Would call public attention to our brand,

WATER WHITE OLEINE, 150 TEST.

Warranted none better. Gasoline for stoves and gas machines, 74, 80, 87, 88 and 90 gravities. Lubricating oils. Staves and heading wanted, by

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West Side of Canal, Main Street,

Massillon Independent.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1863.)
 ROBERT P. SKINNER, SAMUEL B. WEIRICH,
 PUBLISHED BY
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 Opera House Block,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
 One Year, \$1.50
 Six Months, .90
 Three Months, .50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to advertise proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

Let us have natural gas.

That Massillon has natural gas has been demonstrated.

Talk about the new public library. It is very cheap, and is often useful.

If we get natural gas we will also get a new glass factory, and nobody knows how many others will follow.

The Wayne County Democrat thinks that brimstone is the fuel of the future, especially for Republican editors.

If all overhanging street signs are removed, no merchant can complain of his neighbor's advertisement overshadowing his own.

Congress could not do a wiser thing than to extend the free delivery system to all postoffices doing a business of ten thousand dollars a year, or more.

The Alliance Review is pleased to remark that "the Massillon Independent gets right down to bed rock in discussing the 'new county' question, and dispenses wisdom and sense in solid chunks."

The average country newspaper editor is the most piratical of all pirates. Beyond the purest kind of pure local news, it is a hard matter to find anything that bears the stamp of originality.

Several dozen pipe line companies, with capital of from fifty thousand to five million dollars back of them, have been organized within the last year or two, to bring natural gas to Ohio towns. The companies still exist—on paper.

A board of trade is not only necessary for business purposes, but it would fill a social want. Where in Massillon, outside of restaurants and stores, can business men congregate of evenings? Such an organization could be made wonderfully popular, as well as useful.

Ex-Judge Meyer wrote a letter to the editor of the Canton Democrat protesting against the styling of the transfer of his office as a "shyster trick." The point Judge Meyer makes is that he was stronger than his party, owed his election to no one but himself, and is therefore responsible to no one but himself in its disposition.

The Canton Repository says: "We rather incline to the opinion that Massillon and Alliance would prefer remaining in the county if the county commissioners were not so extravagant."

We rather incline to the opinion that Massillon and Alliance would prefer to run their own affairs in their own way. The county is too big, and the desire to divide it into the three counties that exist now, in all but name, has only been more freely expressed since it is known that its affairs have been so badly mis-managed.

The Navarre Independent waxes ironical over the new county idea, but, of course, when it considers seriously, it will see the utility of having a new division made. Nature's boundary lines, though ignored at first, will assert themselves. Nature made the Tuscarawas valley, and willed that the interests of the people in it should be common. The coal, stone and wheat interests of the north and south ends center in Massillon, and to legalize what already is, would greatly convenience the good people of Navarre, of Massillon, of Lawrence and many other townships, without injuring anybody in the least. The suggestion is a good one, and in time, not far distant, must go through.

An out of town contractor remarked some time ago, that he had not seen a single heavy toaming wagon in Massillon properly built for a heavy load. In the cities,

where there are paved streets, teamsters are compelled to have their wheel tires of a certain width, but here, where we have earth roads, which more than any other kind need protection, we allow anything to travel on our streets. An authority on this subject says that for every hundred weight of load, there should be one inch of tire. How many wheels in Stark county have been constructed according to this rule?

Mayor Frantz is doing the landable thing in giving tramps and other worthless characters, good long sentences, with hard work and ball and chain attachments. The only trouble is, he cannot find enough work for them to do. In the army when they catch deserters on the western frontier they have this difficulty, so they have a big yard and an equally big pile of sand. The deserter is furnished with a wheel barrow and he wheels the sand from one corner of the yard to the other. When it has all been moved, he wheels it back again. It is a good plan and it works well. It might be tried here.

Howling mad are the Stark county Democrats, because Probate Judge Meyer resigned last week, and recommended Mr. J. P. Fawcett of Canton, as his successor, the recommendation being sufficient to move Governor Foraker to make the appointment. The Canton Democrat has not been so put out since Mr. Archibald has been post master and it labels Judge Meyer's action as a breach of faith in resigning at an hour which makes an election an impossibility, and the appointment of a Republican, a matter of course. Hints have even got abroad that it was an ordinary business deal. The fact of the matter is, Judge Meyer's action does not look very creditable.

And so Prosecutor Welty has put his foot into it again. This time he can explain why he refused to bring the condition of the Tuscarawas before the grand jury, or to be plainer, why he did not keep his faith. The article in the news columns fully explains the matter. It is well understood that the wealthy straw-board works of Ohio, two of which are poisoning our river, are all banded together in this matter. It is also well known that such is the great quantity of straw they purchase, that the local market is three and our times as high as it would otherwise be and farmers are therefore unwilling witnesses. It is also well known that Prosecutor Welty lives in Canton—if he lived here he would undoubtedly have prosecuted. For just such reasons as these a new county is needed. If we had one now, a county prosecutor, living here, and interested here, would have forced this matter through.

Greater bargains than ever at Watkins' clearance sale.

Massillon Amusements.

An attractive programme was mapped out for the Walthamby by the manager, and the several contests that took place Thanksgiving week were enjoyed by many. The one hour skating race on Friday evening was especially interesting. The principals were John Busky, of Massillon, and Charles Swingle, of Canton. The purse was divided, although Swingle would have beaten but for the jockeying of Jack Schaffert. Busky covered thirteen miles and one lap.

The story told by Abby Le Grand's manager is, that his star is the son of wealthy Chicago parents, and has always had an ambition to become an actor. Last January his craving was gratified and he organized his present "Patent Rights" company, with himself at its head.

The second entertainment of the U. C. D. course was given Wednesday night by Mr. A. P. Burbank. His selections were of all kinds, and he made his audience alternately laugh and cry. A large audience was present, and their manifest pleasure again proves the success of the project.

Howarth's Hibernica and Comedy Company plays here Saturday night. His said to be excruciatingly funny, and the scenery is very fine. A parade will be made sometime during the day.

The rumor is that the young ladies of Massillon are arranging an amateur theatrical entertainment, to be given soon for their own edification and that of their fond parents.

A fair audience nearly split its sides laughing over "Patent Rights" on Saturday night. The company was very well balanced.

Elegant stock of Silk milliners handkerchiefs at A. L. Watkins'.

A FOR AMERICANS.

Sensational Thanksgiving Sermon By Rev. J. P. Newman.



WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Rev. Dr. Newman, celebrated as Gen. Grant's chaplain, delivered a sensational political sermon in the Metropolitan M. E. church yesterday. "America for Americans" was his theme. He disclaimed know-nothingism, but set up a very high and exclusive standard of American citizenship.

He recognizes that one may be an American without being born in this country, but he would make every foreigner live at least fifteen years here to learn what he called the seven essential attributes to an American, before obtaining a voter's privilege. He would make every priest and every Roman Catholic renounce before God and the holy angels all allegiance to every foreign prince, pontiff and potentate, whether spiritual or temporal. The pope, he said, should have no sovereignty here. He vehemently denounced the Irish vote, the German vote and every vote that was not thoroughly American.

"Away with them," he shouted, "and down with the politician who would bid for them. We want no man for president of the United States who would sink so low as to bid for an alien vote." The recognition of Christianity as the religion of the United States he named as one of the seven essential attributes of an American citizen. There was a large congregation present, and the sacred edifice resounded with shouts and applause and loud amens, such as one has been accustomed to hear only in hallelujah gatherings of the Salvation Army. At the end an excited parishioner rose and made a speech, in which he declared the preacher had expressed the sentiments of the congregation. Such excitement has not before been witnessed in any church in this city.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

A Scare in Toronto Over the Rapid Increase of the French Canadians.

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 1.—The scare over what was stated to be the rapid increase in the Roman Catholic population of the Dominion, which was emphatically denied by the Globe, has received a fresh impetus from an address delivered before the Methodist missionary meeting in this city last night, by Rev. L. N. Beaudry, of Montreal, the subject of which was the rapid increase of the French Canadians. Mr. Beaudry, in the course of his address, said there were to-day 2,000,000 Roman Catholics in Canada, which is nearly one-half of the entire population. The growth of the French Canadians surpassed anything on this continent. In addition to those in the Province of Quebec, there were 150,000 scattered throughout Ontario, and 1,000,000 in the United States. The average number of children to a French Canadian family was fifteen while that of an English family was about three.

What did this mean? It meant that in twenty-five years the French-Canadian people of this country would be in a majority. And he next thought was that this whole population were controlled almost absolutely by one man, the pope. Protestantism was on the decline in Quebec. Where a few years ago there were to be seen a fair sprinkling of Protestant churches, there were hardly any to-day. And why? Because there was fewer people to attend them. The French-Canadians were crowding the English out of the province. His convictions was that they were coming face to face with a political problem, such as Canada had never met, French and English had met, and the prowess of their arms had been felt, and on the plains of Abraham, Montreal had succumbed. The French had then submitted, and the conquest of the English was accomplished, or so it looked to be, but because one vital mistake was made, just there they had to meet the same question again. What was that mistake?

It was in giving the Roman Catholic church privileges which Protestants in the Province of Quebec were denied. He predicted that unless some mighty agency interfered there would be in a few years nothing left of the English tongue or blood in the Province of Quebec. The address has created considerable of a furor. The religious question is one of the foremost in the politics of Canada, and as an evidence may be cited the fact that the leading editorials of the chief newspapers of the country are devoted to its discussion. The question is also likely to prove one of the largest factors in the coming election.

A BIG COAL POOL.

Combinations By Which the Price is to Be Advanced Thirty Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The Herald says: There is to be an advance of from 25 to 30 per cent. in the cost of bituminous coal. The price is to be put at a higher figure than it has reached in over three years. Two great combinations have been formed to control the entire soft coal output of the country.

There are to be two new pools controlling the soft coal production. One, the Ohio pool, has just been formed. It will direct absolutely the output from the great coal fields of Ohio. All the details of the programme have been arranged, and the first advance of thirty cents per ton been made. The other soft coal pool is known as the Buffalo pool.

It consists of the three railroads which, like those in Ohio, control all the product which comes to Buffalo for a market—the Rochester & Pittsburgh, the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, and the Erie railroad. The first advance to the consumers will be thirty cents a ton. This will be followed by a second advance of a like amount before going according to the statements of one who ought to know. This will be made before January 1, and will afford a pretext for the sixty cent rise in Ohio coal.

The coal managers will meet again by adjournment from November 13, to consider the question of production and prices for December. The result of the meeting is anxiously awaited by the wholesalers at Chicago, Milwaukee and other western centers, who expect such action as will warrant them in still further increasing the already exorbitant prices of fuel in the west.

Shot Dead By a Thief.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Daniel Sullivan, a laborer, was shot dead by Thomas Hunt, a thief, during a quarrel among roughs in Larkin's saloon, at Leonard and Center streets, last night. Sullivan was not taking part in the fight, and escaped.

EXTRAORDINARY.

The greatest sale on record began at today, Nov. 13th, at Watkins' old dry goods stand, in the assignment of H. J. Watkins.

The assignee has sold the entire stock to A. L. Watkins & Co., of Pittsburg, who are now in possession and busily engaged marking goods down, and will open Saturday morning, November 13th.

This Immense Stock Comprises the most Complete Assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes

In Stark county and must be sold out regardless of cost.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,
 No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS.

A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Palavers.
 Labor, Love and Trades' Trials—Rail
 Humblings—Foreign Fancies and Fires.
 Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

J. P. Fawcett has been appointed probate judge of Stark county, to fill the unexpired term of S. Meyer, resigned.

George F. Gore has been released from the Chicago base ball club, and will play next season with the New Yorks.

Engineer Thomas Little has been presented with a silver medal by Bishop Whipple for his action at the time of the Rio, Wis., disaster, whereby he saved many lives.

B. F. Butler, of Nashville, Ind., has been appointed government carpenter for the Cheyenne Indians with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Addison Hills has been appointed assistant to President Newell, and E. Gallup, assistant general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, entertained a large audience at Chickering Hall, N. Y., with a story of his varied adventures through the interior of Southern Africa nearly ten years ago.

Capt. Flynn, Orrin Hatch and John Smith, of the Ludington, Mich., life-saving crew, were drowned while attempting a rescue.

In a railroad accident near Canton, Dak., the engineers and firemen of both trains were killed.

Casualties.
 William Crossgrove was killed and John Vandling and Henry Park seriously wounded in a colliery explosion at Forty Fort, Pa.

Granville Brown, aged fourteen years, was burned in a barn near Mount Vernon, Ky.

At Lima, O., Frederick Powell, a pumpjack at an oil well was overcome by gas and died in a short time.

Mary Wilson, aged eighteen years, was burned to death near Evansville, Ind., by her clothes taking fire from a grate.

The seven-year-old daughter of Louis Rinker, of Miami county, Indiana, swallowed a teaspoonful of carbolic acid, mistaking it for medicine, and died.

Edward Lee, Charles Moore and G. B. Lavanger, lost their lives in the Duluth elevator fire. The total loss is estimated at \$5,000, and the insurance over \$700,000.

A contractor named Bryant was killed by dynamite at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Fred Snyder fell into the canal at Massillon, O., on his way home and was drowned.

Near Blacksburg, W. Va., Thomas Dullard, while in a fit, fell between moving cars and was crushed to death.

Political Pointers.
 The vote in Indiana shows that the Republicans elected fifty-five members of the house with an aggregate majority of 36,312, and the Democrats forty-five members, with a majority of 26,782. The Republicans are 9,580 ahead.

By a recount in the Third Assembly district of Camden county, New Jersey, the Democrats have gained one seat in the legislature, and they now have a majority of one on joint ballot, the figures standing: Democrats 41, Republicans 38, Labor 2.

In Boston and New Haven every member of the Labor party must take an obligation binding himself to abide by the decision of the majority, to do faithful work on committees, to devote four hours to manning the polls on election day, to secure votes for the Labor candidates, to report treachery, and to see that his own personal conduct adds dignity to the party.

The Republicans have nominated Thomas N. Hart for mayor of Boston.

A recount of the votes for county auditor at Bloomington, Ind., has resulted in the election of Silas Grimes, Republican.

Three Years for Manslaughter.
 PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Judge Biddle has sentenced Isaac Hall, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter, to three years in the penitentiary to date from commitment. On the 17th of July last, Hall killed William E. Johnson, a colored boy, hitting him on the head with a base ball bat.

SECRET SOCIETIES.
 Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

The committee on camp-fire of Hart Post, No. 134, G. A. R., of Massillon, met at the office of Commander R. A. Pinn, Tuesday evening, Comrade S. V. C., V. R. King in the chair. The committee decided to hold their campfire on Thursday evening, Dec. 21, 1886. Special invitations were ordered to be sent to Department Commander A. L. Conger and staff, and all neighboring G. A. R. posts. Arrangements were made for a regular programme of exercises, which will be about as follows: Supper, consisting of hard tack, sowbelly and coffee; pipe and tobacco. Address of welcome, response, Grand Army speeches by invited orators, chief among which will be the "Army Mule" by Capt. A. S. McClure, of

Wooster, O. Grand Army songs, fancy drill by Mrs. McKinley Tent Daughters of Veterans, Drill by Sons of Veterans. A grand ball and oyster supper will close the evening.

MASSILLON, O., Nov. 26, 1886.

To Hart Post, No. 134:

We hereby invite each member of Hart Post and family, to attend an entertainment at K. of P. Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 4, given by the Daughters of Veterans, to celebrate the anniversary of their incorporation. Entertainment free, and begins at 7:30 o'clock.

SECRETARY D. OF V.

The following officers were elected in Sippo Lodge, No. 48, on Monday evening, November 29: Ellis Roberts, N. G.; B. Lantzer, V. G.; C. Higginsbotham, Rec. Sec'y; H. Huber, Per. Sec'y; H. F. Oehler, Treas.

An open meeting of the order of Chosen Friends will be held in the K. of P. hall next Tuesday evening. Supreme Marshal of the Grand Lodge, J. P. Van Nest, will be present. The public is urged to attend.

Dress goods, silks, velvets, Domestic and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins'.

ATTENTION!

Ex-Prisoners of the Late War.
 I have just received a request from the Commissioner of Pensions to forward the names of all ex-prisoners, to be placed on record in the Department. As I do not know of them all, I hope that every soldier or sailor of that class in this vicinity will call on me at once, at my office on East Main street, Massillon, that I may complete the list as soon as possible. Call at night if you have not time in the day.
 R. A. PINN,
 Attorney-at-law and Post Commander
 Hart Post, No. 134, G. A. R.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence. "Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. L. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." J. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Real Estate!

James R. Dunn,
 —Administrator of the—
Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—
Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of
**Fine Business Property,
 Well Located Residence Property,
 And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.**

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

Watkins' great closing out sale continues.

John Baker Thompson,
Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

Wall Paper!

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and

Fine Decorations,

Window Curtains,

Shade Rollers, Cornices,

Poles and Room

Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,

Mixed Paint Ready for Use.

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

J. M. Walker,

No. 6 North Erie St.,
 MASSILLON, OHIO.

Cabinet Work.

Also has control of the

AMOS GIROD,

for a number of years past an employee of the late Peter Schauf, will continue the business as before, manufacturing

Bank and Store Counters,

Saloon and Bar Fixtures,

—AND—

General Cabinet Work.

Also has control of the

Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator, for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.

Yours truly,
Amos Girod.

June 12—
JOHN PAUL & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Stone & Coal.

Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street,

Opposite Kenton's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Sawed Stone on hand at yard.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Philip Luzius died on Saturday night. Mr. J. B. Thompson is laid up this week, having stepped on a nail Monday.

The Rev. W. J. Wilson's presence in this city was warmly welcomed by many friends this week.

Joseph Blaker, an old resident of this city, died at his home, on West Main street, on Tuesday night.

The Hernbrook mine, belonging to the Burton Coal Company has been connected with the telephone exchange.

The business manager of the INDEPENDENT ought to be and is grateful for the congratulations recently showered upon him by the press.

The Methodist bazar has been unusually successful in every sense of the word. And little wonder, considering the feasts they spread.

Mr. C. L. McLain has remodeled the interior of his residence on Plum street, making one of the most convenient and complete houses in the city.

Mr. Thomas Dillon is taking a little enforced vacation because of an accident in which one of his hands was so badly bruised as to compel him to stop work.

Frank Landis whose arrest is due to the efforts of Mr. Charles Krider and the Massillon police, has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary at Mansfield, for stealing horses.

This paper is under obligations to Mr. T. B. George, of Topeka, Kansas, for a catalogue of the Topeka Free Library, copies of the regulations, and other information which will be of great use.

Last week the printers thought they could improve upon "A Red Acorn," as written by the author, and carried readers on at the rate of three chapters to a column. The matter has been rectified this week.

Tuesday afternoon Frederick Kresser, of West Brookfield, who works at Sonnenhauser's coal mine, was caught between two coal cars and had his ankle badly crushed. Dr. J. F. Gardner is attending him, and thinks that he will ultimately recover the use of his limb.

Six o'clock Monday morning the fire company was called by an alarm from the third ward. It was the house occupied by James Cooney on Cherry street. The roof was badly burned, and the damage will amount to nearly three hundred dollars, not quite covered by insurance. A defective flue was the cause.

At Reed & Company's hollow ware glass works, they have two phenomenal blowers, or to be more correct one "factory," whose recent output in one day was one hundred and eight dozen bottles, and whose weekly average is one hundred and three dozen. This is very remarkable, as eighty-four dozen a day is considered excellent work.

About forty water works diggers indulged in another "strike" last Thursday. Frank Benedict, a foreman, was discharged for drunkenness, and retaliated by urging his men to strike for his reinstatement. Mr. Miller, the superintendent of pipe laying, spoke briefly and to the point, the result being that all but about a dozen went back to work. The dozen were discharged.

The working of the gas furnace at the Corn's Iron Works, is even more satisfactory than the builder's most sanguine hopes. This week the best record scored anywhere with the Smith apparatus was made, thirty-nine thousand, eight hundred pounds of slack being used in eight hours. The best previous record was forty-four thousand, two hundred and eighty pounds in eight hours.

A prominent Massillon liquor dealer said the other day that beer drinking among the working people in this city, had been reduced almost thirty per cent, because of the enormous quantity of cider in the market, made it possible for them all to have plenty at home. He said that the state of affairs would last until spring. It seems that a good cider year is always a poor beer year, and it is well known that no beer cider has rarely, if ever, been manufactured in this valley than this fall.

The case against L. C. Royer for malicious libel is now being heard at Canton. Readers will remember this is the person who has caused so much trouble and expense to Russell & Co., of this city, by his persistent claims against them for royalty. He has been unable to establish any right, thus far, to such claims. The present case has grown out of Royer's actions in defaming the characters of some of the members of the incorporation by circulating, as claimed, matter of libelous nature. The case will probably be decided this week.

It is a curious fact, and one never yet made public, that no postoffice inspection was made during ex-Postmaster Crawford's incumbency. As was right and proper, shortly after the Hon. Anthony Howells succeeded to the office, an inspector dropped in unexpectedly and the money, stamps, and envelopes were counted, and the books for the four years examined. The result was that, including the month or two of Mr. Howells' possession of the office, from the time Mr. Crawford went in, there was a shortage of just one dollar and eighteen cents. The amount was so

trifling that the inspector said he would call it a balance. It is a pleasant little incident for Republicans to know, and one worth remembering.

The U. C. D. Club met on Monday night at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Jarvis. The librarian stated that about twenty volumes recently ordered, had been added to the club library. Mr. A. T. Skinner read an interesting account of Poe's fight with the Indians, near Smith's Ferry, prefacing the story with a statement of the causes which led to the trouble. Mrs. James R. Dunn read a paper upon the opening of the west, or more particularly upon the discoveries of De Soto and Le Salle. The topic furnished subject matter for a lively discussion of the Indian question. Mr. T. H. Focke read an editorial from a southern journal acknowledging the dependence of the South upon the North for almost everything. The next meeting will be with Mr. and Mrs. Everhard.

At the invitation of the Rev. E. L. Kemp, the young people met at St. Timothy's rectory Tuesday night, and organized "The Young People's Association," having for its object the erection of a parish building, such as has been described before in these columns, and which, when finished, will not be a mere church affair, but an institution free to the whole city. Miss Molly Sladden was elected president; Miss Nellie Freaner, vice president; Robert P. Skinner, secretary and treasurer, and Edward A. Peacock, Miss Minnie D. Kihl and Miss Hattie Dangler were selected as an executive committee. This committee was requested to be prepared to submit a constitution and by-laws at the next meeting. Every alternate Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock was selected as the time for each meeting, and upon the invitation of Mrs. Kemp, the rectory was selected as the place. The executive committee, upon short notice, prepared a marvellous program for the next meeting. Short comedies and light operas will probably be presented by the club from time to time. It seems likely that twice as many will be present at the next meeting.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Miss Anna Bucher is the guest of Miss Ella Bucher in Canton.

John Wilhefer, formerly of Navarre, has moved to Massillon.

Miss Anna Steese has returned from her summer travels in Europe.

Henry Lloyd, Esq., of the Linden Steel Co., Pittsburg, is in the city.

Miss Mattie Corns has returned after an absence from the city of some months.

Mrs. S. M. Knapp is home again, after having spent the summer in Mansfield.

Officer Thomas Hagan was called to Akron on Tuesday, by the death of his sister.

Miss Nellie Gillespie of Pittsburg is visiting Mrs. W. K. L. Warwick, on East Main street.

Miss Lois Campbell of Cleveland, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kellogg.

The Rev. B. F. Booth married Mr. William F. Graber and Miss Mary Packard, on Thanksgiving day.

Messrs. Ed Pille, Max Hatsberg and James Smith attended Mr. C. L. Peacock's dancing academy, in Canton, last Tuesday evening.

On Nov. 24, at the U. B. Parsonage, Mr. Adam Culler, and Miss Flora E. Shetler, both of Navarre, were married by the Rev. B. F. Booth.

A. W. Baxter, of Russell and Co.'s, has returned from a five weeks' trip to Yonkers, New York, where he has been engaged in setting up one of Russell & Co.'s Automatic engines for the Schuyler Electric Light Company at that place.

Owing to the U. C. D. Club's second lecture on Wednesday night, and a very mistaken impression which got abroad that Prof. Peacock's evening dancing class was composed of pupils who knew more or less of the art, he deemed it wise to defer his first lesson until next Wednesday night. As the lecture course is a public enterprise he was especially glad not to interfere at all with it. No members of his evening class have any knowledge of dancing, and any who have not yet joined can do so before next week and still not be behind any other members.

Licenses to Marry.

The Canton Repository reports the following marriage licenses to have been issued in this county:

Frank Rastetter and Frances Boerner, of Jackson township; Thomas E. Dunn and Lydia A. Zumburner, of Massillon; Monroe Hoffman and Ada Miller, Paris; Peter Linder and Barbara Schlunegger, of Nimishillen township; Jacob Eggert and Susanna Yenney, of Canton; Frederick Schlicher and Lena Witmer, and Jesse E. Lynch and Anna M. Franz, of Massillon.

A Good Idea.

The Navarre Independent says: There is almost an inexhaustible supply of fire clay on J. E. Mentzer's farm. It has been pronounced a very good quality by competent judges, but no test has ever been made of its quality. It should be tested and if it makes a good fire brick, it can be operated with much profit, and its location on the railroad and canal would give the operators a decided advantage over other works of a like nature. The fire-brick paving question is now agitated largely in larger towns and cities, and there is no doubt but that a big works could be established at this place. At any rate it is worth investigating.

WILL WELTY EXPLAIN?

A Prosecutor who Fails to Prosecute.

A Breach of Promise on the Part of Mr. Welty toward the State Board of Health.

On Nov. 25 this paragraph was published in the INDEPENDENT:

"The State Board of Health has done just exactly nothing toward restoring the water of Tuscarawas river to its original purity."

The fact that nothing has been done to put a stop to the poisoning of our river is only too true, but to attribute this condition of affairs to the State Board of Health was an injustice which this paper is happy to be able to correct, but which was natural when the silence with which this matter has been treated, is considered.

Dr. Miller, of this city, one of the State Board of Health, who was the first to bring the pollution of streams before the notice of his organization, has since followed the subject up, and has furnished the information embodied in this article.

The good people of this valley who annually stand up and rave about the condition of the Tuscarawas have had the remedy within their reach ever since the beginning of the offense.

The State Board of Health has taken steps to have the matter brought to the attention of the Grand Juries, in this and a number of other counties in the State, where like nuisances are maintained. This having already been done a period of inaction must necessarily intervene, and in the mean time the outraged people might well salute the ears of their prosecuting attorneys and judges with their complaints. It is not necessary that the State Board of Health and other State boards should exhaust their meagre means in prosecuting such cases. The offense comes under the criminal laws and the State should take care of such cases, surely, when attention is properly called to them, as they are indictable under Sec. 6921, Revised Statutes. It then becomes simply a matter to be established by evidence to the satisfaction of a court and jury. There is at present no ground for charges of inaction and indifference. The State Board of Health is only a few months old, and the people have looked upon this pollution of the waters for years silently and indifferently, except for a few weeks in the heat of summer, when the rivers were very low and proved destructive to the fish by reason of the concentration of poison.

The State Board, during the last summer, in seven or eight instances, brought the pollution of certain streams before the attention of county prosecutors, whose duty it was to bring the matter before a grand jury in accordance with the law creating a State Board of Health which reads as follows:

"It shall be the duty of all local boards of health, health authorities and officials, and all other officers and employees of the State, or any county, city or town thereof, to make and enforce such quarantine and sanitary rules and regulations as may be necessary to protect the public health, in so far as the success and efficiency of the Board of Health may depend thereon, and in the event of failure or refusal on the part of any member of said boards, or other officials or persons in this section mentioned, to so act, he or they shall be subject to a fine of fifty dollars upon first conviction, and upon a conviction of second offense of not less than one hundred dollars."

The prosecutor of Summit county promised to look into the matter in his county, but failed entirely to do so.

Prosecutor Welty, of Stark county, had his attention brought to this subject, and gave assurance that he would bring it before the grand jury. Not once, but many times was he reminded of this promise, but he failed absolutely to do anything. The charitable construction of his dereliction of duty is, that he has been very busy in his endeavor to establish Dr. Leininger's claims to the sheriff's office, but the more natural conclusion is, that he preferred to have nothing to do with it. The Canal Fulton people who have been so willing to criticize and complain, failed to push the matter when the time was at hand and the grand jury was in session. Probably because the water is now high, and the nuisance not so apparent. Next summer, when the water is low, and last year's disgusting experience repeated, they will be ready to bewail the inactivity of somebody, again.

The State Board, it appears, has done all that it could, but Prosecutor Welty has not. If he has any explanation to make, the INDEPENDENT will cheerfully make it public.

OUR COUNCIL.

And What It Tried to Do.

Messrs. Leighley and Rink absented themselves from the city council meeting Wednesday night.

Street Commissioner's reports for the week's ending November 30 and November 27 amounting respectively to \$27.00 and \$23.76, were referred.

Similar reports for the weeks ending November 6 and 13, amounting to \$12.25 and \$37.00 were ordered charged to his account.

BILLS PAID.

J. C. Pepper	\$50.00
Thos. Hagan	50.00
M. Elsas	50.00
G. Majer	50.00
E. Volkman	20.00
E. L. Barrett	3.00
J. R. Savage	9.50
G. M. Richardson	45.00
State	40.00
A. Shorb	18.00
A. Cron	25.00
Total	\$360.50

The bill of George Spiegel, amounting to \$15.05, was referred.

The bill of Engineer D. A. Miller for \$46.29 for services rendered, was accepted, and will be paid when the proper fund is replenished.

The bill of the Street Commissioner for \$14 for repairing bridges, was referred to the Stark County Auditor for payment.

The City Clerk read a letter from S. R. Bullock & Co., in reply to the letter addressed to Mr. Mercer by order of the Council asking whether or not he proposed to keep his promise, which was to have a four inch water pipe laid to the cemetery provided the cemetery trustees would pay a rental of \$100 per annum.

In reply Mr. Mercer said he promised to lay a 2 inch wrought iron pipe out to the cemetery on the Cemetery Company's agreement to pay \$100.00 a year for the use of water and he proposed to "be as good as his word."

The matter was referred to the Water Committee, with the request to get a four inch pipe if possible, as originally agreed.

An adjournment for two weeks was effected.

HERE'S AN ENTERPRISE.

Something About Another Slack Furnace.

But More About a Natural Gas Scheme Which is of Vital Importance to Massillon.

What S. R. Wells Says; What Professor Orton Thinks; What Mr. Cole Believes.

Let it not escape the memory of the reader that not only does Massillon mine the best coal in the United States, but she has also manufacturers, who can tell the people a thing or two about how to use it to the best advantage. Massillon lump coal is altogether too fine an article to be used for steam purposes, especially as slack can be made to do the same work. Last week Corns & Sons' gas furnace was described. This week an emissary of the INDEPENDENT dropped in at Wetherald & Wells' window glass works to see what they had to say for themselves.

Mr. Wells is not of the opinion that anything can equal natural gas, but he says in their new works they have what they call a "slack furnace," which has been making their coal bills just one-half less than what they were with the old natural draft furnace. The new affair is simply very tightly closed, with no draft except from the bottom, with a peculiar grate, in which they burn slack coal.

"Yes," added Mr. Wells, "we are having a splendid run of glass, of an extra fine quality, trade is first-class, we have no stock at all, we are getting fair prices, and the day we get natural gas we will at once

BUILT ANOTHER FACTORY.

We have natural gas here and it's a shame that it is not developed. What is more the manufacturers are ripe to drill again, and all that is required is some energetic spirit to organize a company. In twenty minutes the required amount can be raised."

Becoming more specific Mr. Wells told just where the money would come from, and mentioned men who have already promised enough to do half the work.

Said Mr. Wells, further, "Professor Orton has been here and thinks that by drilling south-east of the first well, we ought to strike gas. His theory is, that since at the first well we struck gas and water together, and at a point north-west we struck water first, it follows that at a point southeast of the first well the gas will be found first, it being evident, that the two currents cross near the old East street hole. We have health, wealth, mineral resources, natural beauty, and everything to make a fine city. Now all we need is natural gas. I am positive that we have it, and it must soon be developed."

The enthusiasm of the reporter had been roused, he made a bee line for Massillon's boomer, the Hon. L. C. Cole, poured Mr. Wells' story into his ear, firm in the belief that he would stir the matter up effectually. Mr. Cole too, fired at what appeared to be the facility with which a gas company could be organized, believing it very possible, and it is greatly hoped that next week's INDEPENDENT will contain either a report of the organization of a natural gas company, or the preliminary steps toward something of the sort.

DROWNED IN THE DARK.

In the Deep Water of a Lock, Helpless and Alone Frederick Snyder Meets His Death.

One of the saddest of the many recent accidents in and about this city, was the drowning of Frederick C. Snyder, last Monday morning.

Mr. Snyder was the night engineer at the Wetherald & Wells' window-glass works, and about 6 o'clock was on his way home. It was dark at that hour, and his nearest path led by the first canal lock, opposite the works of the Massillon Paper Company. The water is very deep, and the stone sides of the lock are high and smooth, so that under any circumstances it would be difficult to get out. Mr. Snyder probably made a mis-step, or had a dizzy attack, and fell into the ice-cold water. Being unable to swim, thoroughly chilled, and loaded down with clothing, he was help-

The OLD RELIABLE

Jewelry Store,

COLEMAN'S!

The latest styles, lowest prices.

The Cheshire Watch \$6.00.

OUR STOCK OF

Watches includes the fine Howard.

DIAMONDS,

SILVERWARE,

Musical Instruments, Etc.,

Cannot be equaled in the city. Glass shades in all sizes

Optical goods and spectacles of all kinds. Repairing in all branches of the trade. All work warranted.

COLEMAN'S,

5 Erie Street, - MASSILLON, O.

THE Choicest Confections

Can be found at

'The Rialto'

Feed Apricots and Walnuts in many styles.

Chocolates, Fruit Creams and delicious bon bons of all kind.

First class goods at low prices

Fine French mixed 25c a pound.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

M. A. SCHWEETERS,

Prop. "Rialto."

P. S.—Send 5c or 7c for sample box. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Bookseller, Stationer and Subscription Agent.

Subscriptions received for any regular publication in the world, at and below the publisher's regular prices. I will guarantee to duplicate any clubbing list and in many instances can do much better. In every case the annoyance of writing letters and the expense of making remittances is saved. Persons anxious to examine different magazines or newspapers before ordering can have the advantage of looking over the list always kept in stock, which comprises local and metropolitan newspapers, all the American literary, art and scientific magazines, American, French and English fashion books and miscellaneous publications, making it the most complete line in this part of the State.

No. 40 East Main Street, Massillon.

less. He cried loudly for help, but the men who were working close at hand, heard them and thought them only the sounds which men often make while coming to work. No help came, and he perished all alone.

The body was found, shortly after, and was taken home. He was a kind-hearted young German of about thirty-five years of age, well-liked and well connected. He was the son-in-law of Harmon Shriver, Esq., one of our most respected and well-to-do citizens. For some years he managed a bakery on Main street, but, meeting with reverses he retired. A wife and a number of children survive him.

Mayor's Court.

Joseph Thompson, a bold vagrant, was given a sentence of five days at hard labor on Friday. He will spend the time in close communion with a ball and chain.

Edward Phillips and Charles Williams could give no good reason for their existence, and were given three days at hard labor on Friday. They carried coal up stairs.

On Monday Frank Ross and an unknown woman were brought up for general worthlessness, to which they pleaded guilty. Frank paid the costs and they both guaranteed to leave the city.

Cloaks and shawls at 50c. on the dollar at A. L. Watkins & Co.

NEW OPERA HOUSE!

ONE NIGHT ONLY,

Saturday December 4.

HOWORTH'S DOUBLE SHOW,

Hibernica Comedy and Specialty Co.,

In the latest and most successful farcical comedies,

The Twin Jarveys

OR THE

Merry Mc's and Lively O's.

A superb display of scenery in a tour through Ireland, visiting all points of interest North, East, South and West.

Two and a Half Hours of Continuous Fun.

Full Brass Band and Orchestra.

Grand Street Parade.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography.

SOUTH ERIE STREET.

THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,
Author of "Ankersmiller, Etc."[Copyrighted by National Tribune Publishing Co.,
and published by arrangement with them.][The name given this story is made glorious
by the valor and achievements of the
First division of the Fourteenth Army
corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson
acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant
soldiers and borne upon their battle-flags.]CHAPTER VIII.
THE TEDIUM OF CAMP.

To really enjoy life in a camp of instruction requires a peculiar cast of mind. It requires a genuine liking for a treadmill round of merely mechanical duties; it requires a taste for rising in the chill and cheerless dawn, at the unwelcome summons of reveille, to a long day filled with a tiresome routine of laborious drills, alternating with tedious roll calls and wearisome parades and inspections; it requires pleasant contentment with walks continually cut short by the camp guard, and with amusements limited to rough horse play on the parade ground and dull games of cards by sputtering candles in the tent.

These were the trials that tested Harry Glen's resolution sorely. When he enlisted with the intention of relieving himself he naturally expected that the opportunity he desired would be given by a prompt march to the field and a speedy entrance into an engagement. He nursed himself strenuously for the dreadful ordeal of battle, but this became a continually receding point. The bit to defeat at Bull Run was bearing fruit in months of painstaking preparation before venturing upon another collision.

"I do wish the regiment would get orders to move," said almost hourly each one at a half-million-bushel camp of instruction through the long summer of 1861.

"I do wish the regiment would get orders to move," said Harry Glen anxiously one evening, as he lay in the surgeon's tent to have his bandaged hands dressed. It had been on his mind only during the day, and the fatigue of the day had an obdurate struggle with an old back-stump, which disfigure the parade ground, and he wished to remove it from his back.

"I am," says Harry Glen, "an officer, even to get a bandage on my arm. Dr. Paul Denlow, that physician who operate on the disabled patients, at times swathed them in bandages. Anything is preferable to this chopping tough stumps with a dull ax and drilling six hours a day while the thermometer hangs around the ankles."

"I admit that there are things which would seem pleasant to a young man of your temperament and your habits," said the surgeon, finally. "Shift over into that arm stool, which you will find easier, and rest a little while. Julius, bring in that box of cigars."

While Julius, who came to this illustrious name as little in celebrity or movement as he did in complexion, was coming, the surgeon prepared a paper, which he presented to Harry, saying:

"There, that'll keep you off duty to-morrow. After that, we'll see what can be done."

Harry arrived with the cigars as readily as he had to cross a Rubicon in the back of a horse. He was lighted, and the surgeon said: "I'll be a chum."

"I am," said Harry, "a chum of a soldier's life." "I am," said Harry, "a chum of a soldier's life."

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CHAPTER IX.

ON THE MARCH.

The regiment made its first step on Kentucky soil with a little bit of paragon-like ostentation. Every one looked upon it as the real beginning of its military career. When the transport was securely fast up at the wharf, the colonel mounted his horse, drew his sword, placed himself at the head of the regiment, and gave the command "Forward."

Eleven hundred superbly young fellows, marching four abreast, with bayonets fixed and muskets at "right shoulder shift," strode up the bank after him and went into line of battle at the top, where he made a short, soldierly speech, the drums rolled, the colors dipped, the men cheered, and the band played "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie."

Three years later the two hundred survivors of this number, returning from their "veteran furlough," without a band and with their tattered colors carefully cased, came off a transport at the same place, without uttering a word other than a little grumbling at the trouble of disposing of some baggage, marched swiftly and silently up the bank, and disappeared before any one fairly realized that they were there. So much had time and war taught them.

"Now our work may be said to be fairly begun," said the colonel, turning from the contemplation of his regiment and scanning anxiously the tops of the distant line of encircling hills, as if he expected to see there signs of the Confederates in strong force. All the rest imitated his example, and studied the horizon solitarily. "And I expect we shall have plenty of it," continued the colonel.

"No doubt of that," answered the major. "They say the Confederates are falling Kentucky with troops, and going to fight for every foot of the old dark and bloody ground. I think we will have to earn all we get of it."

"To-day's papers report," joined in Surgeon Denlow, "that Gen. Sherman says it will take 20,000 troops to redeem Kentucky."

"Yes," spoke in the colonel's reply, and the six papers agreed in publishing Sherman's statement. But a matter of a day or two, and they knew it better. That's more or less a war. We've got 1,100 good men in ranks, and we're going to do all that 1,100 good men can do. God Almighty and Abe Lincoln have got to take care of the rest."

It will be seen that the colonel was a very practical soldier.

For days the regiment marched "stead" on the rich and wonderfully lovely Blue Grass region, and the interior of the state, and out into the neighborhood of any one of the bodies of the Confederates.

The landscape, hard and smooth as a billiard table, wound over and around granite hills—hills crowned with cedar and evergreen laurel, and scarred with cliffs and caverns. It passed through forests, aromatic with ripening nuts, and changing leaves, and glorious in the colors of early autumn. Then its course would traverse farms of gracefully undulating acres, bounded by substantial stone walls, marked by winding streams of pure spring water, centering around great, roomy houses, with large outside chimneys and broad piazzas, and with a man of humble negro cabin in the rear. The horses were proud stepping thoroughbreds, the women comely and spry, the men of sturdy and athletic, and all seemed well fed and comfortable. The names of the places along the route recalled to Harry's memory all he had ever read of the desperate battles and massacres and single handed encounters of Daniel Boone and his associates with the Indians in the early history of the country.

At last the regiment halted under the grand old oaks and hickories of the famous Camp Dick Robinson, in the heart of the Blue Grass region. In this most picturesque part of the lovely Kentucky River valley they spent the bright days of October very delightfully.

Nature is as kindly and gracious in central Kentucky as in any part of the globe upon which her sun shines, and she seemed to be on her best behavior, that she might duly impress the northern visitors.

It was the very poetry of soldiering, and Harry began to forget the miseries of life in a camp of instruction, and to believe that there was much to be enjoyed, even in the life of an enlisted man.

There was enough excitement in camp to prevent any danger of ennui. The probability of battle gave the daily drills an interest that they never could gain in Ohio. The native Confederates were numerous and defiant, and kept up such demonstrations as led to continual apprehensions of an attack. New regiments came in constantly, and were received with enthusiasm. Kentucky and East Tennessee by artists, tall, gaunt, long-haired and quaint spoken, but burning with enthusiasm for the government of their fathers, flocked to the camp, doffed their battered garb, assumed the blue, and enrolled themselves to defend the Union.

At length it became evident that the Confederate "Army of Liberation" was really about crossing the Cumberland mountains to drive out the "Yankees" and recover possession of Kentucky for the southern Confederacy.

Outposts were thrown out in all directions to gain the earliest intelligence of the progress of the movement, and to make such resistance as it might be possible. One of these outposts was stationed at Wildcat Gap, an impressively wild and desolate region, sixty miles from Camp Dick Robinson, where the road entering Kentucky from Tennessee at Cumberland Gap crosses the Wildcat range of mountains.

One day the startling news reached camp that an overwhelming Confederate force under Gen. Zollicoffer was on the eve of attacking the slender garrison of Wildcat Gap. The assembly was sounded, and the regiment, hastily provided with rations and ammunition, was hurried forward to aid in the defense of the threatened outpost.

Nature, as it is sympathetic with the gathering storm of war, ceased her smiling. The blue, bending skies were transformed into a scowling, leaden-eyeged canopy, from which fell a dull, incessant rain.

When it began to prepare for the march came Glen, following the example of his comrades, he took three days' cooked rations in his haversack, made his blankets into a roll, tying their ends together, threw them scarf fashion over his shoulder and took his accustomed place as he closer in the rear of his company. He was conscious all the time, though he suffered no outward sign to betray the fact, that he was closely watched by the boys who had been with him in western Virginia, and who were eager to see how he would demean himself in this new emergency.

He was shortly ordered to assist in the inspection of cartridge boxes and the issuing of cartridges, and the grim nature of the errand they were about to start on duly impressed itself upon his mind as he walked down the lines in the melancholy rain, examined each box and gave the owner the quantity of cartridges required to make up the quota of forty rounds per man.

Those who scrutinized his face as he passed slowly by saw underneath the dripping eaves of his broad-brimmed hat him set lines about his mouth and a little more luminous light in his eyes.

"Harry Glen's serving his courage to the sticking point. He's bound to go through this time," said Kent Edwards.



"Harry Glen's bound to go through this time."

The hospital steward approached, and said:

"Captain, the surgeon presents his compliments and respects that you send four men to convey your First Lieut. Pancoke to comfortable quarters which have been prepared for him in the hospital barracks. His rheumatic trouble has suddenly assumed an acute form—brought on, doubtless, by a change in the weather—and he is suffering greatly. Please instruct the men to be very careful in carrying him, so as to avoid all unnecessary pain, and also all exposure to the rain. He will have a good room in the hospital, with a fire in it, and every attention, so that you need have no fears concerning him."

"I never had," said Kent, but could not be heard all over the right wing of the company.

"I have," said Abe. "There's every danger in the world that he'll get well."

Away the regiment marched, through the dismal rain, going as fast as the heavily laden men could be spurred onward by the knowledge of their commander's eminent need.

For three weary, discouraging days they pressed onward through the dispiriting rain and over all the exhausting obstacles. On the morning of the fourth they reached the foot of the range in which Wildcat Gap is situated. They were marching slowly up the steep mountain side, their soaked garments clinging to their weary limbs and logging the road tops. Suddenly a sudden change in the weather that hung over the mountain tops.

The men stopped, held their breaths, and tried to catch the beating of their hearts, that they might hear more.

They needed not. There was no difficulty about hearing the succeeding reports, which became every instant more distinct.

"By God, that's cannon!" said the colonel. "They're attacking our boys. Throw off everything, boys, and hurry forward!"

Overcoats, blankets, haversacks and knapsacks were hastily piled, and the two most exhausted men in each company placed on guard over them.

Kent and Abe did not contribute their caution to the company pile. But then its weight was much less of an impediment than when they left Camp Dick Robinson.

They employed the very brief halt of the regiment in swabbing out the barrels of their muskets very carefully, and removing the last traces of moisture from the nipples and hammers.

"At last I stand a show of getting some return from this old piece of gas tube for the trouble it's been to me," said Kent Edwards, as he ran a pin into the nipple to make assurance doubly sure that it was entirely free. "Think of the transportation charges I have against it, for the time I have lugged it around over Ohio and Kentucky, to say nothing of the manual labor and the mental strain of burning and practising 'present arms,' 'carry arms,' 'support arms,' and such other military monkey shins under the hot sun of last summer!"

He pulled off the woolen rag he had twisted around the head of the rammer for a swab, wiped the rammer clean and bright and dropped it into the gun. It fell with a clear ring. Another dexterous movement of the gun sent it flying into the air. Kent caught it as it came down and scrutinized its bright head. He found no smirch of dirt or dampness. "Clean and clear as a whistle inside," he said, approvingly. "She'll make music that our secession friends will pay attention to, though it may not be as sweet to their ears as 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

"More likely kick the whole northwest quarter section of your shoulder off when you try to shoot it," growled Abe, who had been paying similar close attention to his gun. "If we'd had any body but a lot of mullet heads for officers we'd a been sent up here last week, when the weather and the roads were good, and when we could've done something. Now our boys'll be licked before we can get where we can help 'em."

Glen leaned on his musket, and listening to the deepening roar of the battle, was shaken by the surge of emotions natural to the occasion. It seemed as if no one could live through the incessant firing, the sound of which rolled down to them. To go up into it was to deliberately venture into certain destruction. Memory made a vehement protest. He recalled all the pleasant things that he had in store for him; all that he could enjoy and accomplish; all that he might be to others; all that others might be to him. Every enjoyment of the past, every happy possibility of the future took on a more entrancing resonance.

Could he give all this up, and die there on the mountain top, in this dull, brutal, unheroic fashion, in the filthy mud and dreary rain, with no one to note or care whether he acted courageously or otherwise?

It did not seem that he was expected to fling his life away like a dumb brute entering the reeking shambles. His youth and abilities had been given him for some other purpose. Again plying fear and ignoble selfishness tugged at his heartstrings, and he felt all his carefully cultivated resolutions weakening.

"A sergeant must be left in command of the men guarding this property," said the colonel. "The captain of Company A will detail one for that duty."

Capt. Bennett glanced from one to another of his five sergeants. Harry's heart gave a swift leap with hope that he might be ordered to remain behind. Then the blood crimsoned his cheeks, for the first time since the sound of the firing struck his ears, he felt that every eye in the company was upon him, and that his ignoble desire had been read by all in his look of expectancy. Shame came to spur up his faltering will. He set his teeth firmly, pulled the tampion out of his gun and flung it away disdainfully, as if he would never need it again, blew into the muzzle to see if the tube was clear, and wiped off the lock with a fine white handkerchief—one of the relics of his hygienic elegance—which he drew from the breast of his blouse.

"See! Glen—Berg, Glancey will remain," said the colonel, promptly. Glancey, the eldest son of the colonel, was the only son and support of a widowed mother.

"Now, boys," said the colonel in tones that rang like bugle notes, "the time has come for us to strike a blow for the Union and for the fame of the old Buckeye state. I need not exhort you to your duty like men, I know

you too well to think that any such words of mine are at all necessary. Forward! quick time! MARCH!"

The mountain sides rang with the answering cheers from a thousand throats.

The noise of the battle on the distant crest was at first in separate bursts of sound, as regiment after regiment came into position and opened fire. The intervals between these bursts had disappeared and it had now become a steady roar.

A wild mob came rushing backward from the front.

"My God, our men are whipped!" exclaimed the young adjutant in tones of anguish. "No, no," said Capt. Bennett, with cheerful confidence. "These are only the camp rifflers, who run whenever so much as a cap is thrust near them."

So it proved to be. There were teamsters upon their wheel-mules, cooks, officers, servants, both black and white, and civilian employees, mingled with many men in uniform, skulking from their companies. Those were mounted who could seize a mule anywhere, and those who could not were endeavoring to keep up on foot with the panic-stricken riders.

All seemed wild with one idea: To get as far as possible from the terrors raging around the mountain top. They rushed through the regiment and disordered its ranks.

"Who are you a-shovin', young fellow—say!" demanded Abe Bolton, roughly collar-ing a strapping hulk of a youth, who, hatless and with his fat cheeks white with fear, came plunging against him like a frightened steer.

"Oh, boys, let me pass, and don't go up there! Don't! You'll all be killed. I know it. I'm all the one of my company that got away—I am, really. All the rest are killed."

These words, uttered in a hoarse, guttural voice, as the man, who had brought him a piece of salvage as all that the burglars had left of his stock of food, said: "I'm all the one of my company that got away—I am, really. All the rest are killed."

"Gilt!" said Abe, contentiously, with a twist in the coward's collar, that, with the help of an opportune kick by Kent, sent him sprawling down the bank.

"Capt. Bennett," shouted the colonel angrily, "fix be on—there in front and drive these hounds off, or we'll never get there."

A show of savage looking steel sent the skulkers down a side path through the woods.

The tumult of the battle heightened with every step the regiment advanced. A turn in the winding road brought them to an opening in the woods which extended clear to the summit. Through this the torrent of noise poured as when a powerful band passes the head of a street. Down this avenue came rolling the crash of thousands of muskets fired with the intense energy of men in mortal combat, the deeper pulsations of the artillery, and even the fierce yells of the fighters, as charges were made or repulsed.

Glen felt the blood settle around his heart anew.

"Get out of the road and let the artillery pass! Open up there for the artillery!" shouted voices from the rear. Everybody sprang to the side of the road.

There came a sound of blows rained upon the horses' bodies—of shouts and oaths from excited drivers and eager officers—of rushing wheels and of ironed hoofs striking fire from the grinding stones. Six long bodied, strong limbed horses, their hides reeking with sweat, and their nostrils distended with intense effort, tore past, snatching after them, as if it were a toy, a gleaming brass cannon, surrounded by galloping cannonniers, who goaded the draft horses on with blows with the flats of their drawn sabers. Another gun, with its straining horses and galloping attendants, and another, and another, until six great, grim pieces, with their scores of desperately eager men and horses, had rushed by toward the front.

It was a sight to stir the coldest blood. The excited infantry boys, wrought up to the last pitch by the spectacle, sprang back into the road, cheered vociferously, and rushed on after the battery.

Hardly had the echoes of their voices died away, when they heard the battery join its thunder to the din of the fight.

Then wounded men, powder-stained, came straggling back—men with shattered arms and gashed faces and garments soaked with blood from bleeding wounds.

"Hurrah, boys!" each shouted with weakened voice, as his eyes lighted up at sight of the regiment. "We're whipping them; but hurry forward! You're needed!"

"If you ain't pretty quick," piped one girl-faced boy, with a pensive smile, as he sat weakly down on a stone and pressed a delicate hand over a round red spot that had just appeared on the breast of his blouse, "you'll miss all the fun. We've about licked 'em already. Oh—"

Abe and Kent sprang forward to catch him, but he was dead almost before they could reach him. They laid him back tenderly on the brown dead leaves, and ran to regain their places in the ranks.

The regiment was now sweeping around the last curve between it and the line of battle. The smell of the burning powder that filled the air, the sight of flowing blood, the shouts of the fighting men, had awakened in every bosom that deep-lying killing instinct inherited from our savage ancestry, which slumbers—generally wholly unperceived—in even the gentlest man's bosom, until some accident gives it a terrible arousing.

Now the slaying fever burned in every soul. They were marching with long quick strides, but well closed ranks, elbow touching elbow, and every movement made with even more than the accuracy of a parade. Harry felt himself swept forward by a current as resistless as that which sets over Niagara.

They came around the little hill, and saw a bank of smoke indicating where the line of battle was.

"Let's finish the cannon now," said Kent. "It may get bored by a bullet and all run out, and you know I hate waste."

"I suppose we might as well drink it," assented Abe—the first time in the history of the regiment, that he agreed with anybody. "We may n't be able to do it in ten minutes, and it would be too bad to've lugged that all the way here, just for some one else to drink."

An aide, powder grimed, but radiant with joy, dashed up. "Colonel," he said, "you had better go into line over in that vacant space there, and wait for orders; but I don't think you will have anything to do, for the general believes that the victory is won, and the Confederates are in full retreat."

As he spoke, a mighty cheer rolled around the line of battle, and a band stationed upon a rock which formed the highest part of the mountain, burst forth with the grand strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The artillery continued to hurl screaming shot and shell down into the narrow gorge, through which the defeated Confederates were flying with mad haste.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOUNTAIN'S REVENGE.
Harry Glen's first feeling when he found

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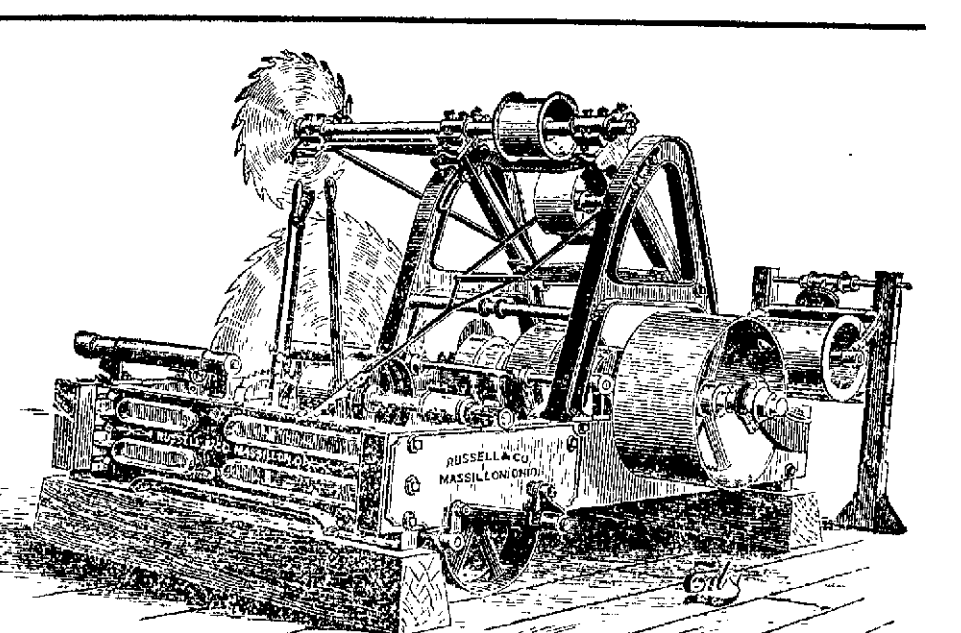
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Blacksmithing, Repairing, etc., receive special attention. In addition to my stock, I am selling a cheaper grade of buggies than I make, am handling the best makes of

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Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND Slicker is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" Slicker and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "Fish Brand" Slicker, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'rs,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

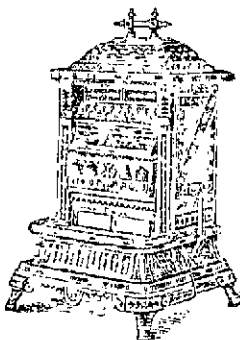
Best Quality of Massillon Lump. Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery, City Agent and Collector, GEO. W. SCHROCK, Bank Telephone 28.

H. F. OEHLER'S Cash Store

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR



STOVES, RANGES, AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

Roofing & Spouting

promptly attended to.

14 W. Main St. - - - MASSILLON

\$20.00

Buy a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

\$20.00

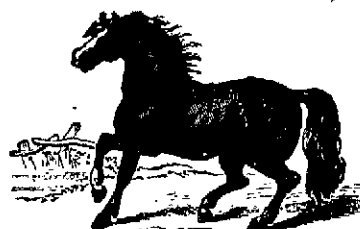
Buy a good Chinchilla Over coat, at

J. C. LOWE'S

Second Floor,

OPERA BLOCK.

DR. F. Z. GROFF,



Veterinary Surgeon,

Office and Infirmary near Sippo Station, 3 1/2 miles west of Massillon.

Will treat diseases of all domestic animals, also perform all operations of surgery by the latest improved methods. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Residence connected with Massillon Telephone Exchange, also branch office at Z. T. Baltz's drug store, where full information can be had at all times, with telephone privileges. Postoffice, Sippo, Ohio.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen.

FURNITURE!

I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to

GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE.

SUCH AS

Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Lounges

SPRING BEDS,

Hair, Husk and Sea Grass Mattresses and the original Woven Wire Mattress

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

JOHN H. OGDEN.

A. J. Humberger & Son.

SPECIALTIES.

Fine Lace Curtains

" Embroideries

" Dress Goods

" Parasols.

Call and inspect the Bargains we can show you in Hosiery.

HARDWARE!

S. A. Conrad & Co.

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

dealers in Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selection of

COACH TRIMMINGS,

SADDLERY,

CUTLERY

with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,

Paints, Glass, Etc.,

CHAPMAN.

The Cleveland Coal Pool—Canal Fulton's Belight—What the Mines Are Doing.

Charles Deckard, of Canton, spent the past week with friends in this vicinity.

The Blaine mine worked Thanksgiving day, and as a result our turkey was tough.

James Creighton has swung out his shingle as a cobbler and his work is as good as the best of them.

Mine Inspector Bell came out to No. 6 to test the scales last Monday but there being no work that day he had to defer it.

Canal Fulton's best citizens pool their issues by whacking up a dollar apiece for books and then shake dice for who takes the pile.

We are sorry to state that John Baird, who went to Indiana last spring, has met with reverses, being the victim of misplaced confidence, and is coming back to his former home. We sympathize with John, but are glad to again have him with us.

The mines are running again. The Youngstown mine is doing considerable repairing inside, and are making arrangements to bring the coal from the old Clark mine out through this one. This will save the building of a new chute and the putting in of a side track, as everything in that line is now complete at their present quarters.

The rifle for Wm. Forrest's horse came off last Saturday evening at Joseph Emerson's saloon. A young man from Pigeon Run was the lucky man. The Massillon Brewing Company held a trial before Justice Walters to get possession of the horse to satisfy a judgment, but they were unsuccessful. We are informed that the case has since been settled.

It tickles us to think our Cleveland friends should fear a coal famine when we have it so close to them in abundance, and so many willing hands ready to get out for them. It has leaked out that a pool of the coal dealers with Mark Hanna as its chief, undertook to corner the coal market of that city and then command their own prices. They have succeeded pretty well with the hard coal, but the soft coal is too near at hand.

BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Thomas Brooks is living very ill at this writing.

S. A. Peters finished another drill hole on the "Section" last week. He reports no coal.

B. J. Miller, attending the Cleveland Homeopathic College, spent a few days at home last week. Bert will soon be a full fledged M. D.

Mr. Frank Beazel, of Elton, and Miss Lizzie Blantz, of this place, were married at St. Barbara's church on Thanksgiving day. Rev. Kirche officiating.

William Baer and Miss Jennie Cope, both of this township, were married at the residence of the bride's father, Daniel Cope on last Tuesday evening.

Miss Haney, a teacher in the public schools, had her watch stolen from her desk last Tuesday. Some little boys found it in a post pile near the school house the same evening where it had evidently been secreted by one of her larger pupils.

There will be a debate in the town hall Friday evening, Dec. 10th, on "Non-partisan Prohibition as Partisan Prohibition." T. Harvey Smith affirming that prohibition will sooner be attained by non-partisan efforts than by partisan efforts, and D. W. Walter denying the same. A lively time is expected. After the debate an effort will be made to organize a debating club or literary society.

EAST GREENVILLE.

Dr. McMillen, of the West, is visiting his parents here.

Messrs. Obendorff & McFarren are prospecting for coal north of town now.

A six-year-old son of N. S. Tombow is lying seriously ill with membranous croup.

Mr. David Kiehl will move to Massillon in about two weeks, where he has opened a feed store. Success.

The East Greenville literary society organized last Tuesday night a week ago, and will meet every Tuesday evening.

NAVARRE.

George Warster, of Justus, spent Tuesday in town.

Geo. Kline is in from Oregon, visiting relations.

Chas. Leininger, of Akron, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Frank Hanson, of Canal Dover, is a guest at the home of H. D. Garver.

Miss Gratzinger, of Canal Dover, visited her sister, Mrs. Lew Geltz, over Sunday.

The new river bridge is completed and does honor to the Massillon Bridge Company.

Ladies of the Reformed church netted twelve dollars at their oyster supper last Thursday evening.

The much respected and aged citizen, David Menzies, is lying very low, and the worst is feared.

Our literary society opened admirably, with a fine corps of debaters. Its third session will convene this evening in Opera Hall.

Gust Byers, of New Philadelphia, has leased the Meutzer warehouse and has secured the services of Geo. Hall, who will buy wheat at the old stand.

Navarro found gas without boring for it—in the Independent of last week. This topic, after having been thoroughly discussed, seems somewhat business like. Two meetings have already convened, and at the last one the soliciting committee reported subscriptions to the amount of one thousand dollars. This town will be fifteen thousand feet above sea level when we find natural gas.

ELTON.

James Warwick circulated among his friends last Sunday.

Mrs. Amanda Crist is visiting friends in Doylestown.

Ben. Hall has moved from the Brinker place to West Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Beale visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Services at McFarren church Saturday night relative to missionary organization.

A Mr. Senoff, living on the Louis farm near West Lebanon, died Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beazel moved from Brookfield last week and established their new home on the old Camp place, now owned by George McFarren.

The smiling countenance of our efficient sexton, Theodore Davis, was missed on Sunday. Upon inquiry we learned that he was visiting his brothers, in Massillon.

We Eltonians are proud of Massillon, and felicitate ourselves upon the fact of her electric light, water works, public spirit, and last but not least the first-class amusements under the new regime.

FAR AWAY IN KANSAS.

THE STORY OF THE TOPEKA FREE LIBRARY.

How "Constitutional Liberty" was Guarded—What the Women Did—What the People Think of It.

This week's installment of library literature comes from a one-time resident of Massillon, Mr. Thomas B. George. Massillon is not situated like Topeka, but the description of its splendid library will not be any the less interesting. Interest in the project is growing, and it is not going to be long before it ceases to be a "project" and becomes a fact.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, Nov. 22, 1886.

My Dear Sir:

Answering yours of the 17th inst. on the subject of your projected free public library. I fear that a detailed description of the Topeka Free Library, would only tend to discourage your efforts in that line. In some respects it is unique, unqualifiedly so for a city of this size, without any claims as yet, to commercial importance. In fact this magnificent plan, representing a cash value of say \$75,000.00, has cost our citizens, but the nominal sum of \$15,000 or I should have said, "certain public spirited citizens" assumed the payment of that sum, at the completion of the library building, \$25,000 having already been donated for that structure by the two great railways, viz. the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific. The site (it occupies one corner of the State House grounds) was donated by the State. The act was not strictly "constitutional," believe, but our western people, when they come face to face with a little obstacle of that sort, never resort to the "circumlocution office" to solve the problem, the traditional "coach and four" which it has been supposed practicable to drive through any "act of Parliament." We, out West, follow with the "band wagon," and the entire procession, including "Jumbo," and the small boys, who bring up the rear. I believe, that now a fiction exists that our library is de jure a "State Institution." I think the name was changed to meet the emergency, to the Topeka City State Library, more "euphonious," don't you see. Besides, it enables us to "hold the fort" without outraging the Constitution, and we now, all "sleep o' nights again assured, that the "Bird of Freedom" keeps at least "one eye open," in behalf of its beloved Kansas, and constitutional liberty. I hope you will pardon the above flight. And now to return to "business." I need touch but briefly upon what our present free library is, with its treasures of art, and over ten thousand volumes, which besides the ordinary standard literature, includes some rare and costly works, too valuable for general circulation, "books of reference," to be consulted only in the library.

The beautiful hall over the library proper is made a source of revenue, having a seating capacity of about six hundred. When the chairs are removed, 'tis the most delightful place for "sociables." I recall a certain "old folks" leap year party in said hall, when the "oldsters" tripped the "light fantastic" until about two o'clock in the morning, and the governor, and other principal officers of State, participated in the fun with their wives, or "some other body's wives," jolly companions every one. I will only add, that Library Hall will soon be converted into a permanent Art Gallery under the auspices of the State Art Society. It is proper to add, that by an act of the last legislature the city of Topeka, is authorized to raise by general tax upon its tax dupliants a sum not exceeding \$2,500 for its free library per annum. This with the revenue of the hall, will be ample for current expenses, and also provide a sinking fund for the purchase of books, etc.

But 'tis the free library, which we found, when we made our advent hither, eight years ago, that you are interested in, in Massillon.

The first steps were inaugurated by a few noble women, who not only contributed in money and books out of their individual resources, but they

begged for it, they appealed for aid in every quarter; they worked for it in the thousand and one ways which only women, who have a determinate object, understand. Of course, the progress was slow at the outset. At first a small room, at merely nominal rent was obtained, and the ladies volunteered alternately to act as librarians at certain hours in the evening, until public opinion was aroused in their favor, and the City Council (without authority of law) came to their relief. Twelve hundred dollars a year was then regularly voted for the support of the struggling little library. Since "reformers" got into the council and challenged the legality of the act. That his career of usefulness ended then and there, I claim is a credit to the intelligence and public spirit of Topeka. That individual was forever "snowed under."

Henceforth with the annual stipend from the Council, and the liberal support of friends of both sexes, who now resolved, that the thing should not die, success was achieved a year or two before our arrival. We found it occupying spacious quarters on the second floor over a bank on our principal business thoroughfares (Kansas Avenue) at a rental of \$75 per month. The rooms were open daily from 2 to 9 p. m. (save Sundays). Saturdays from 10 a. m. till 10 p. m. One librarian was employed (a woman) at a salary I cannot more than approximate to, I think \$450 a year was her compensation. The first catalogue, 1879, showed an aggregate of about 4,500 volumes. About this time, the Board of Directors of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co. held their annual meeting in this city, and in appreciation of what the little library had done for the great army of workmen, clerks, etc., of theirs, whose houses are in this city, each director left a souvenir behind him in the shape of a bank check, payable to the Topeka Free Library amount \$400 and as there were twenty-two present, the aggregate \$2,200 was a very substantial token. Two years later as already stated, the joint donation of our two great railroad corporations of \$25,000 was to Topeka, the most complete outfit of the kind of any city within my knowledge. What adds the interest to me is, that every article of furniture and furnishings, including valuable objects of art and vertu, represented in fact, the good will in a practical sense, of a friend of our library.

Yes, I believe justly proud of her library, and of the good friends whose merit it is.

Yours truly,

THOMAS B. GEORGE.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock, Produce, and Cattle Markets for December 1.

New York.—Money 5 to 6 per cent. Exchange quiet. Government securities steady.

Currency note, 123 1/2; bid; four coupons, 125 1/2; four and a half, 126 1/2.

Two stock markets opened firm and 1 to 2 1/2 per cent. high, but after the first fifteen minutes a reaction prevailed, and by 12 o'clock the entire list was down, the bottom figures, however, were not reached until the first minute of the trading operations, when the market was at a low ebb, and at present writing the market is steady.

Am. & Quebec	137 1/2	Mich. Central	110
Canadian Pacific	100	Missouri Pacific	115
Canadian Southern	100 1/2	N. Y. Central	114 1/2
Central Pac.	100 1/2	Norfolk & Wm.	110
C. & O. G. & A.	100 1/2	Northern Pacific	110
Del. & Hudson	110	do preferred	110
D. & L. & W.	110 1/2	Ohio & Ches.	110 1/2
Denver & Rio G.	100 1/2	Pacific Mail	110 1/2
Erie	100 1/2	Reading	110 1/2
Illinois Central	110	Road Island	110 1/2
Ind. & Har.	110 1/2	St. Paul	110 1/2
Keokuk & Des Moines	110 1/2	do preferred	110 1/2
Lake Shore	110 1/2	Union Pacific	110 1/2
Louisville & Nash	110 1/2	Western Union	110 1/2

Cincinnati.—

WHEAT—No. 3 red, 74 1/2; No. 2, 77 1/2; No. 1, 80 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 75 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 78 1/2; No. 3 mixed, 74 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 77 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 80 1/2.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 35 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 36 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 37 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 39 1/2.

BARLEY—No. 3 mixed, 35 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 36 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 37 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 39 1/2.

WHEAT—No. 3 red, 74 1/2; No. 2, 77 1/2; No. 1, 80 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 75 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 78 1/2; No. 3 mixed, 74 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 77 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 80 1/2.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 35 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 36 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 37 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 39 1/2.

BARLEY—No. 3 mixed, 35 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 36 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 37 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2; No. 1 mixed, 39 1/2.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

R. A. PINN,

Real